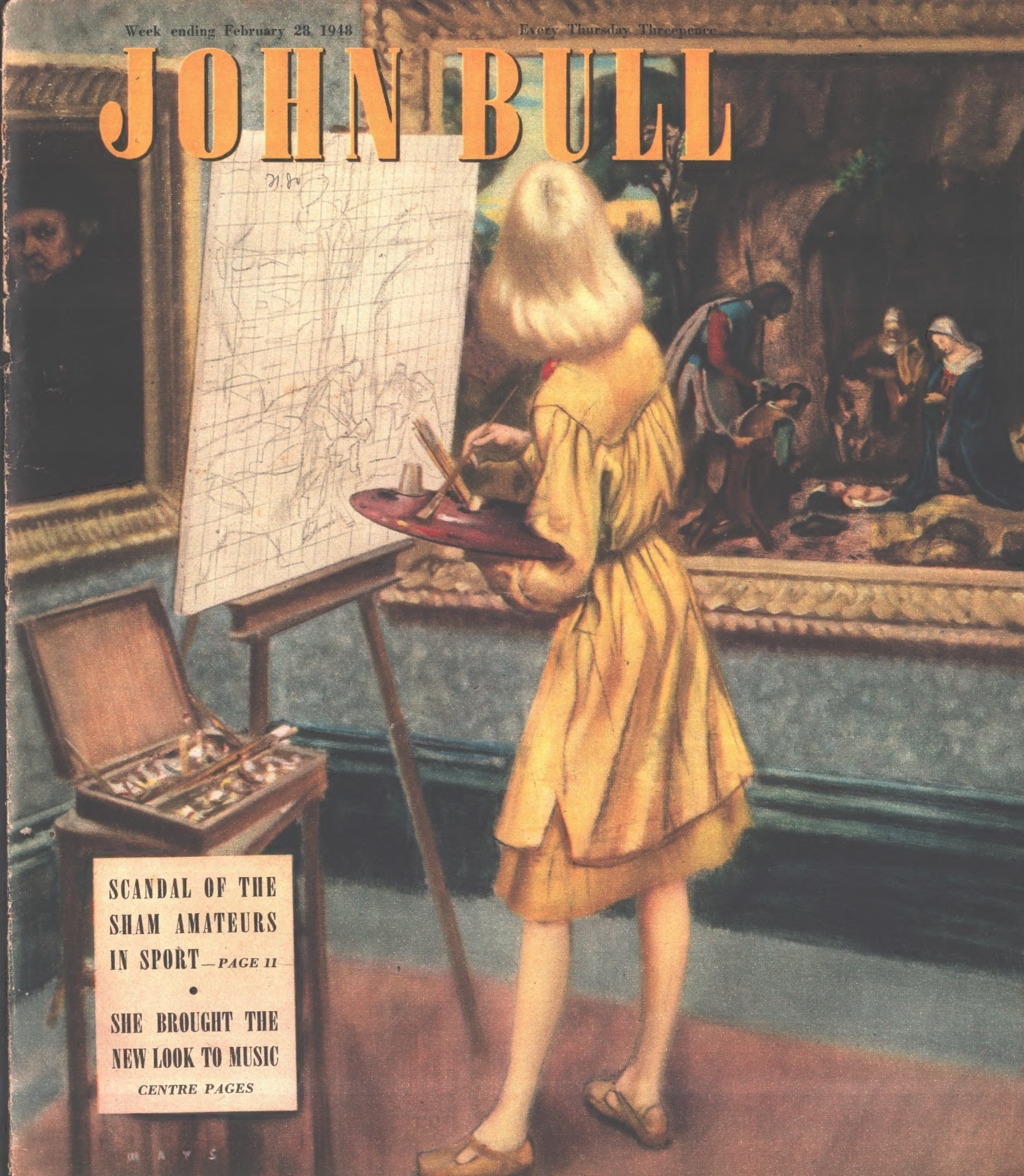


Week ending February 28, 1948

Every Thursday Threepence

JOHN BULL

A woman with blonde hair, wearing a yellow dress and brown shoes, is seen from behind, painting on a large canvas on an easel. She holds a palette and a brush. To her left is an open box of paints. The background features a large, dark painting of a religious scene, possibly the Last Supper, and a portrait of a man in a dark frame on the left.

SCANDAL OF THE
SHAM AMATEURS
IN SPORT—PAGE 11

•
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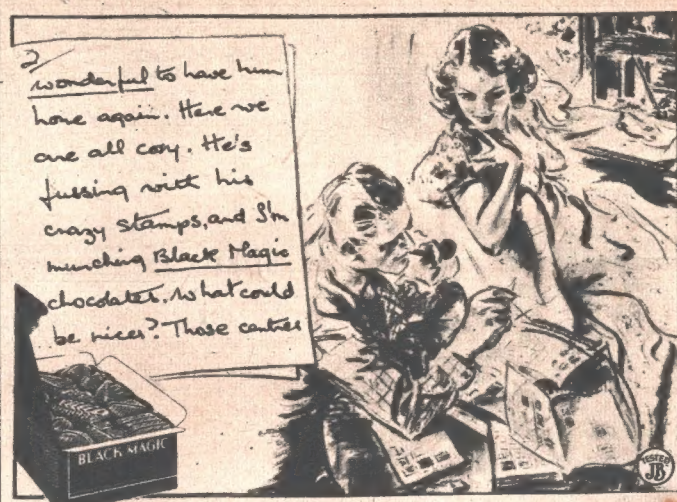
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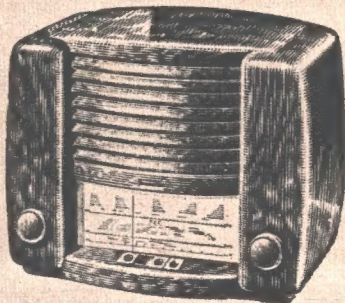
- (1) The London Midland Region, corresponding to the system of the L.M.S. Company in England and Wales.
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(NCT 018)

"Freezing" Those Prices

THE GREAT PRICE FREEZE HAS begun. From now on we stop paying more and more for the multitude of things that have soared up in price for many months.

This, though it comes twelve months late, is a good move in the campaign against inflation. But it is only the first move; others must follow—immediately.

The Government must press on with all possible measures to bring prices down to reasonable levels again, with the utmost speed. All of us have had enough of the climbing prices which have been making our wages or salaries worth less and less.

Only by checking this kind of inflation, which has played into the hands of the racketeers and profiteers, can we:

Give our money some reasonable stable value again;

Avoid labour troubles, with strikes and all their attendant evils; and

Continue to feed ourselves, even at the present reduced rate.

Any further rises in prices would just make our goods dearer and so stifle the export trade which we must increase in order to live.

Rightly, the first stage of the campaign is being carried out in the best way—by voluntary effort. But this must not stand in the way of compulsory methods, if they should be needed.

The investigation branches of several Government departments ought to be very busy mopping up the easy-money rackets, the property dodges, the black markets and the other swindles which have caused a good half of the trouble.

Meanwhile, Mr. Attlee and his Ministers can show their sincere determination to get prices down by pushing on with the revision of the profits allowed under the schedules of controlled prices.

As JOHN BULL pointed out a fortnight ago, a good deal of our inflationary problem has been generated through too much complacency over the various Government price control schemes.

Trouble Behind Bars

FROM ALL OVER THE COUNTRY come reports of prison mutinies, or organized breaches of discipline, escapes, riots and other outrages.

Between thirty and forty British prisons of various sizes now hold more than 18,000 men and women, and the number of convicts grows weekly.

The postwar crime wave, in fact, has caught our antiquated prison system bending. We are short of buildings, especially up-to-date ones. We are short of warders. We are short of first-class prison governors. We are short of everything, in fact—except prisoners.

The result is what one high official describes as "a grave state of tension from Durham in the north to Dartmoor in the south."

This is not a situation which can be allowed to continue and get worse. Nor is this a time to experiment with new theories of prison management. We have simply got to make the present system do until there has been time to work out and test something better.

Society sends its criminals to prison for two main reasons—firstly, to exact retribution

as a deterrent against further crimes; secondly, in the hope of reforming the offenders and returning them to liberty as useful citizens.

Neither of these ends can be achieved in understaffed jails full of muttering mutiny and often well-justified discontent.

Therefore, the materials and manpower necessary for putting our prisons in order must be found. Otherwise, respect for the law, already seriously undermined by the postwar crime wave will be further diminished.

British Shirley Temples

CHUTER EDE, the Home Secretary, is trying to decide whether a homegrown Shirley Temple should be allowed to blossom in this country.

In theory, our present laws make it difficult to produce films with child actors below the age of sixteen.

So Chuter Ede is urged to remove the legal restrictions on the employment of juvenile players in our film studios. It cannot be denied that films acted by children, about children, for children would be a lot healthier than some of the adult rubbish which is now served up to mixed audiences of all ages.

On the other hand, most people would agree that the education of talented child actors should not be interfered with, and that anyway it is very bad for them to be turned into pampered starlets in the exotic atmosphere of film studios.

Rather than let this happen, it would be better to leave the present laws alone. After all, for every Shirley Temple discovered here there would be a hundred little girls who would make no career on the screen and would merely end up spoilt, bewildered and aged before their time.

Twisting Our Tail

DOWN SOUTH, on the other side of the world, they are trying to twist our tail.

The British people should understand that it is no accident which causes two South American states to develop territorial ambitions at our expense in 1948.

It has happened because the Chileans and Argentinos believe Britain is no longer a first-rate Power which can defend its own interests. They think we are so weak, economically and militarily, that we can safely be baited and perhaps even be robbed.

This is almost a new experience for the British people. It is humiliating.

But we need not, of course, submit to the claims of these optimistic South Americans. The land we own in Antarctica we hold by the acknowledged rights of exploration and prior occupation. The Chileans and Argentinos claim it because it happens to lie near their own homelands. We might with equal injustice claim possession of Argentina and Chile because they lie near British Antarctica.

That sort of argument is obsolete. Ernest Bevin must go on saying no to these two nations and insist that the dispute be referred to the International Court at the Hague. If the decision there went against us we should accept it loyally.

Meanwhile, let us remember that it is our supposed weakness which has prompted the "offensive." If we don't want to suffer the same sort of aggression elsewhere, we must work hard to recover our strength.



Choke-shrink . . . Pat's no pugilist. His shirt when new seemed the right size. But now it's shrunk so tight he's fighting mad.

Hope-shrink . . . Frank's no flower. He buys outside shirts to allow for shrinkage — then prays they'll shrink to fit.

Shirts with this label **SANFORIZED** SHRUNK FABRIC won't-shrink out of fit

Laughing eyes . . . a fetching smile . . .



but she can't be beautiful without beautiful hair

Saucy is the word for this big-bow model by Gertrude Harris of Bond Street. Beautiful is the word for the lovely hair beneath it, so obviously washed with Icilma Shampoo. Here's the shampoo that lathers richly, rinses out easily, leaves the scalp so clean, the hair so easy to manage.

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Carnation Milk gives babies a fine start in life:

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so glamorous yet so easy to manage"

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A toilet luxury that is a necessity for sensitive skins and well-groomed people.

290



**EVEN A HUSBAND
CAN BAKE BEAUTIFULLY NOW!**

Tender-textured cake every time—if you use Miller's, the baking powder with the sure action. For Miller's starts working as you mix it in—and goes on working evenly, dependably to the second your cake is set, light as a feather! Miller's ends failures! See what a marvellous difference it makes in everything you bake! Get a tin to-day.

Delight your husband to-day with
HUSBAND'S SPONGE

MILLER'S
BRITISH
BAKING POWDER

with the SURE action



8 oz. plain flour, 3 teaspoons Miller's British Baking Powder, 2 oz. fat, 2 oz. sugar, 2 table-spoons golden syrup, 1 pint warm water, 2 teaspoons of powdered ginger.

BEAT WELL syrup, sugar and fat in warmed bowl. Add sieved dry ingredients alternately with water. Pour into 2 greased, floured sandwich tins. Bake in moderate oven 20 mins. Sandwich together when cold with blended margarine and marmalade.

A GERMAN GOES HOME

by MATTHEW HALTON

After picking his way through Berlin's rubble to the home he left fourteen years ago, a "good" German gets a bitter shock that underlines the need of a positive policy for Germany



Amid the ruin and the misery that Hitler wrought, the Hitler myth still survives

ONE EVENING NOT LONG AGO a middle-aged man in a U.S. uniform walked down a long street beside a canal in the ruins of Berlin. Once it had been a street of little shops and fairly substantial apartment buildings inhabited by middle-class people; but now it was gaunt and lifeless, even for Berlin.

Four-fifths of the buildings were hollow shells, and even now, two years after the war, rusting cranes hung crazily over rotting canal boats and broken bridges, and there were still piles of rubble. But the man went as if by instinct to the building he wanted, climbed three flights of dark stairs, and knocked at a door.

He waited a long time before he heard movement and slow footsteps shuffling to the door. And as he waited there was a knocking in his own heart. It was fourteen years since he had last stood there and, in the twenty seconds he waited, the fourteen years seemed to roll over him, as he put it later to me.

This was just a case of a man coming home to see his mother after many years, and he was ready to laugh and cry; but at the same time he thought of the rivers and oceans of blood and tears that had flowed since he went away. Into his mind, he said, came the curious, unforgettable phrase used by General Mihailovitch during his trial: "The gale of the world."

Hitler Came, He Left

Hans Ritter had left Germany a few months after Hitler came to power in 1933. He had lived in this street from childhood. He had made his way and become a lawyer. During the first World War he had been an airman (he had made six bombing raids on London). After that war he had turned to journalism, and had become assistant editor of a Social Democrat paper which had attacked the Nazis from their beginnings. So he was a marked man.

He had escaped from Berlin one night as the secret police were knocking at this very door where he now stood, and he had reached London. After he came to England I gave him occasional jobs for a newspaper. We became close friends.

Now he had a position with the U.S. military government. On his first day in Berlin he had naturally gone home. He knew his mother and one sister were still alive, and his father, too. His brothers and his other sister, his relatives and friends—he knew nothing of these.

Fourteen years ago he had left. The "gale of the world" had intervened. And now he was home, in a ruined street in Berlin. The door was slowly opened, and he was with his mother, his sister and his father.

Still Nazis—and Worse

Three hours later Hans walked out of the house and stumbled slowly along the dark street with tears rolling down his cheeks.

"I'll come again soon," he had said as he left his mother, but he knew he would never go back. He is a man who hates Nazis in a way not many of us can understand, and he had found that his mother and sister were—Nazis.

He was in London on leave the other day, and told me the story. An appalling story about Germany. There has been plenty of information about conditions in Germany since the war. But his story was different. Here were the reactions and impressions of a German who had gone home.

"They were still Nazis!" he said. "The appalling thing is not that they had become Nazis, but that they were Nazis still. Worse, they were moral nihilists; and the shocking thing is that Germany is now full of them. It's terrifying. Germany is more full of poison than ever."

He had talked to his mother and sister only half an hour when he began to fear that they were no longer, as he put it, "my people." The fear became a heartbreaking certainty when he asked them for news of his brothers and his other

sister and friends and relatives. It went like this:

"Where is Karl?"

"We don't know. He was in the army, first in Italy and then in Russia, and we have had no news." Nothing poisonous there, only another tragedy of the war.

"And where is Mathilde, my little sister?"

They shrugged their shoulders, said Hans, as if he had been asking about a stray cat. They did not know—and they seemed not to care. They thought Mathilde might have been killed in Hamburg during an air raid, but they were not sure!

And then one of the two women said viciously: "Mathilde never had her heart in the war. And she was always insinuating things about the Leader." The Leader! My friend said his heart sank.

Their Eyes Lit Up

His next question was: "Where's young Rudolf?"—a nephew. The eyes of the two women lit up.

"Rudolf was killed," intoned the mother, as if reciting the creed. "He was killed fighting for the Leader and God against the Russians."

"And Heinrich?"—another nephew. This question brought the most astonishing if not the cruellest reply.

"Heinrich," said the mother eagerly, "is in the British Zone and has joined the Special Corps."

"The Special Corps?" said Hans. "What's that?"

"Oh, but you must know! The Special Corps is the German volunteers who are being trained by the British and Americans for the war with Russia. Everybody knows about the Special Corps."

For fourteen years a man had dreamed of going home—and now this: this nonsense about dying for God and Hitler; and this silly stuff about the "Special Corps." At first my friend tried to argue with them, but he soon saw it was hopeless. And then he began to sweat, like a man trying to awake from a nightmare. Also, he kept thinking about Mathilde. And at last he slipped away, saying he would come again.

Sickness of the Mind

There were tears in his eyes as he walked back along the canal. A little later he laughed bitterly as he thought about their Heinrich in the "Special Corps"—but that, too, gave place to sorrow as he realized the sickness of the German mind.

Yes, he said, that is the most frightening thing about Germany today—the debacle of reason. His mother and sister actually believed that the British and Americans were training German volunteers for an imminent war with Russia. They went further in the hallucination—they announced as a fact that a nephew, whom they hadn't seen for years, was a member of this fictitious army.

"There was always something credulous about the Germans, and now their credulity is startling," he said. "I met apparently sane people who maintained, for example, that Hitler is alive, in South America, manufacturing atomic dust! You argue with such people, trying to give them facts, but they seem not to listen to facts any more."

"But, of course, their main preoccupation is with Russia. They are always talking about war between Russia and the U.S. Well, they're not the only ones, I know. But some of the Germans are actually gleeful at the prospect. They've seen their own country ruined by a war, and they relish the idea of the victors destroying themselves."

"They seem to forget that Germany might be the battlefield. Here again it's a matter of crazy wishful thinking. They say that Russia and the West will destroy each other and that Germany will win in the stalemate and emerge to lead the world."

Hans had always been a smiling optimist. I had seen him gay when he was hungry; gay and cheerful even on the night when London was burning and his own little flat destroyed by a bomb; gay when the only home he and his wife

had in the world was a bunk in an underground public shelter. But now he was depressed. He had been home after fourteen years, and what he saw had frightened him. "I see no solution of the German problem," he kept saying.

Great Britain struck him as being the only healthy spot in the diseased body of Europe. "To be back in London is like coming out of a nightmare. People are still honest and cheerful—and sane! It seems too good to be true that soon I will have British citizenship. Germany now seems utterly foreign to me. This is my home!"

I remarked that my friend must be exaggerating; that surely there are some sane people in Germany.

Here was a Different Germany

After I had said this, my friend told me a curious and strangely moving story.

He was driving one day in Thuringia, that province of great deep forests, wild, picturesque hills and fairy-tale villages between Prussia and Bavaria, when he got lost. He was trying to take a cross-country short cut in his jeep, but the roads became lanes and the lanes became rough tracks, and the villages became farther and farther apart and more and more primitive, and the road signs less and less common.

"You know Thuringia, you know what it's like," he said. "Mists and forests and old castles—and, as you say, fairy-tale villages. You could easily believe that some of them disappear for a hundred years at a time. I stopped in one quite medieval hamlet to ask my way. The people gathered around me, told me they had never seen a U.S. uniform before, and some of the youngsters said they had never seen a car!"

"As the hours passed I found my spirits rising, instead of falling. I had to spend a night in one village. The people spoke a strange dialect, but they were all happy and friendly people. They were almost completely cut off from the world. Many could not read and write. They were all deeply religious—they crossed themselves every time they passed a wayside shrine. They had lots of old-time German food—sauerkraut and dishes of pigs' knuckles, and delicious potato cakes.

"I began to realize that these people, being so remote, had missed the full force of the 'gale of the world.' But there was something else, too, that I couldn't quite put my finger on.

"They indignantly refused money for their food or their services. I offered one young man a cigarette for helping me with a tyre and he courteously refused it. Imagine that, in Germany today! These people hardly ever saw a newspaper, and no one in the village had a radio. They asked many questions.

"But as I got more and more interested I, too, asked questions. And I found that these people, because of their remoteness, were sane! They were not talking about a war between the U.S.

and Russia. They heard few rumours; and, much more striking, they laughed at the ones they heard.

"Thousands of Germans say openly that life was much better under Hitler, and when I mentioned that to these villagers they were shocked. 'But Hitler was bad!' they said. 'He allowed his men to mock religion!' They knew there was much trouble and hunger throughout Germany, but they thought things were going to be all right now that the Nazis had gone.

"I kept thinking: 'This is the Germany I knew when I was a boy. This is home!' I suddenly realized these were the first Germans I'd met who were really sane. They were backward—but sane and good."

As for the rest of Germany, he drew a picture which was neither sane nor good. "Four out of five people in the cities are dishonest. Everybody is a wangler and a scrounger; everybody is in the black market. To thousands of women honour is worth a couple of cigarettes or perhaps a chocolate bar. Stealing is a crime only if you're caught. Helpfulness, friendliness, community spirit are almost unknown. People whine and sneer, and anyone who does do anything with a good motive is suspect. And the problem is getting worse. I see no solution."

Well, here was one German who had gone home, and never wanted to go home again. And more than once, as he talked to me, he came back to that scene in his mother's house, on his first night back in Berlin, when he learned that the legacy of Hitlerism was thicker than blood.

Future of the Problem Nation

Is there no answer, then, to this problem of the German mind? Must the world always be plagued by their nihilism, their brutality and—perhaps worst of all—their self-pity? "The time is ripe," says Ernest Bevin, "for the consolidation of Western Europe." But can the United States of Europe arise without Germany, its geographic heart and its industrial bloodstream?

The federalists say that the very act of including Germany in Western Union would solve the problem. But Western Union with safeguards. "Internationalise the Ruhr," runs the theory, "and Germany's war making power is gone. Let the wealth of the Ruhr belong to the union as a whole. There is every hope then that, with their aggressive potential leashed, the Germans would assert their better qualities (and they have many) to the great benefit of all; and that their worse qualities would wither like an appendix for lack of use."

My German friend thought, as I do, that this is the one hope. "One could even conceive," he said, "of the Germans becoming, under those conditions, the best citizens of the federation. On the other hand, they might poison it. . . . You would be well advised to watch us carefully for a hundred years!"



Berlin—desolation, dishonour. But in distant villages, the "good" German found honesty, sanity

THE KING'S

by HILAIRE SOMERS

WHEN PARLIAMENT DEBATED the increased Civil List allowance to Princess Elizabeth, critics talked of "sinecure holders" and "hangers-on of the Court Circle."

This is a criticism not of the Royal Family but of the people who serve them in some traditional office or under some archaic title. There is a suspicion that they do not need the money they are paid—and frequently do little to earn it.

Few people would suggest that economies could be made in the King's £152,800 housekeeping expenses. Many believe that a saving could be made in the next largest item in his £410,000 budget—the £134,000 which is spent each year on salaries and pensions.

One man knows in detail where all that money goes: Sir Ulick Alexander, Treasurer and Keeper of the Privy Purse. Sir Ulick keeps the King's payroll—from the Lord Chamberlain to the daily char. He pays the staff each week in cash; the household monthly by warrant.

Wages have increased all round since before the war. Though part-time members of the household, such as ladies-in-waiting, have had no rise, other members have had their salaries increased in line with civil servants.

In the autumn of 1946, William Gillingham, one of the Palace porters, formed Branch No. 145 of the Civil Servants' Union and nearly all members of the Palace staff joined it. They are now all paid trade union rates, and the increase was made retrospective for twelve months, costing the King and Queen Mary (since Branch 145 includes some of the Marlborough House staff) an extra £8,000.

A porter now gets £4 12s. 6d. a week instead of £3 18s. 6d. Housemaids, in addition to board and lodging, receive a starting wage of £87 a year, rising by £5 annually to a maximum of £115. Before and during the war they began at £1 a week, rising to £80 a year.

Turned Down Permanency

The King is a considerate employer, but everybody earns his pay. One man, in private service before the war and posted to the Palace after he joined up, refused the offer of a permanent job there when he was demobbed. He said he knew when he was well off—and went back to his former post. And more than one member of the household has reluctantly left the King's service because there was no scope for promotion and the increased cost of living made it impossible to carry on with a job which brought in less than half what he could earn in the business world.

None of the Royal staff is purely ornamental. Footmen do not stand around like extras in a Lubitsch film, waiting for somebody to drop a handkerchief. Waiting on the Royal Family is a comparatively small part of their work. One has to be on duty at every door in common use. Others act as messengers, conducting visitors who might otherwise stray for hours in the network of corridors. Their red and blue livery, which used to cost hundreds of pounds a year in renewals, has been replaced by blue battledress with gold braid epaulettes, which cost only half as much.

In order to compensate for the higher rates paid to the staff, without causing hardship by cutting down pensions (the State pays some of them, but by no means all), the part-time household has been drastically reduced.

Then there are the groups of office-holders who are nominally servants of the King but from

PAYROLL

*Who are on it? What do they do?
Are their jobs really necessary?*

whom he receives virtually no service at all, though he has to pay them.

There are the Government Whips, whose duties are purely Parliamentary. Some of the Treasury officials, who are paid civil servants, serve as Whips, but they are not enough. Three M.P.s have to help them out, and there is no fund to pay them for their additional work. So they go on the King's salary list as Treasurer, Comptroller and Vice-Chamberlain of the Household at £1,000 a year each.

The Lord Chamberlain and his department also go on the Royal payroll. Yet the Lord Chamberlain's department spends a lot of its time censoring plays and licensing theatres, and this is work for the State rather than for the King.

Hotel, Office—and Museum

Besides being a combination of hotel and office premises, the official Royal residences are also partly museums. So the King has not only to pay for cleaning pictures and binding books at Windsor Castle but has also to provide the salaries of a surveyor of pictures and a librarian. He has to employ people to keep the State robes clean and the carriages in repair; to feed and shoe and groom the horses. He has to pay a housekeeper at Kensington Palace who is not a housekeeper at all but a caretaker of the State Apartments, which are open to the public at set times. For the same reason he has to find the salary of the shower of the State Apartments at Windsor.

The quaintly archaic titles of many members of the household add to the confusion. Ladies-in-waiting don't just stand around looking like decorative cut-outs from a fairy tale. They have the twin job of confidential secretary and "companion." They work on a roster and, during their spells of duty, are on the job often from early morning until after midnight, answering letters, fixing appointments, interviewing callers.

They receive a salary of a few hundred pounds a year but no expenses. Since they accompany the Queen on both public and private visits, they have to spend a good deal extra on clothes and keeping up their general appearance. If they were paid no salary, court appointments would have to be restricted to the wealthy. If the appointments themselves were abolished, more secretaries would have to be engaged.

Doesn't Cover Train Fares

Some holders of appointments do happen to be well off. In this case, the Exchequer gets most of their salary back in tax. One man, who draws £1,000 a year from the King, has only £25 of it left after the Inland Revenue people have been at it. Since he lives some distance from London, he pays more than this in travelling backwards and forwards to carry out his duties at the Palace. He would be better off—and so would the King, by more than £900 a year—if he were merely given expenses to cover his train fares.

Normally there is an establishment for over twenty gentlemen ushers. At present there are only four or five ushers fully operative, so they have to put in four or five times as much work as before. And for economy reasons, no more have been appointed.

Other offices left vacant in order to save money include that of the Keeper of the Jewel House. The last one died and the jewels were sent into safe keeping during the war. The appointment carried a house and a small salary.

The list of anomalies is long and studded with examples of public servants being paid by the King for rendering no services to him personally.

But, if the King did not pay them, the taxpayer



Seamstresses at work in Windsor Castle. State should pay some of the job-holders on Royal list

would have to meet the bill in some other way.

A little over a quarter of the King's allowance, £110,000, is set aside for the Privy Purse—which nominally means for his personal use but turns out to be nothing of the kind. Out of the £110,000, the Treasurer pays over an agreed sum to the Queen's Treasurer for her expenses, and another sum, steadily increasing these days, is set aside for Princess Margaret's expenses.

Only a small proportion of the remainder is spent for the direct benefit of the King—clothes, books, photographic equipment and theatre tickets. A fairly large item is "presents," for, apart from the normal Christmas gifts, the King and Queen keep up the pleasant practice of giving presents on special occasions such as weddings, birthdays, jubilees and retirements to their staff and household, as well as to outside people who have rendered some special service. The King's grandfather used to spend £3,000 a year on wedding presents alone. Nowadays the Royal gifts are less lavish, but costs have risen.

What a Royal Trip Involves

The King and Queen never visit a trade fair, charity workshop or exhibition without buying something to give encouragement. Everywhere he goes, the King pays as if he were a private citizen—except that it costs him much more.

He cannot travel third class. He cannot just buy a couple of first-class tickets for himself and the Queen. He must take his equerry and the Queen's lady-in-waiting, his valet and the Queen's personal maid, if it is to be an overnight visit. He must travel in a special carriage, so that he may read documents and discuss State business. And he must pay for the lot.

The smallest item on the Royal budget is £13,200

a year for the Royal Bounty. This is intended to cover not only the traditional ceremonial almsgivings, such as Maundy Money, but donations to charity in general.

In recent years, the allocation has never been enough. There have been new calls—for war charities, for victims of many disasters—in addition to those to which the Royal Family have long subscribed. There are many private and unrecorded gifts, such as cheques to old servants to tide them over bad times. When the Bounty is exhausted, these have to be paid from the Privy Purse.

Split Accounting is to Blame

The key to all the confusion in the King's accounts and to the misleading impression of a vast income is the fact that many of the items in his expenditure are survivals from an older system.

Once, the Sovereign collected most of the nation's revenue and in return paid most of the nation's bills. Now, Parliament makes separate provision for ships and guns, for the pay of the Army and Navy, for the officials and establishments which have developed into the Civil Service. But the King is still left responsible for the odds and ends: the whips, play censors, curators, custodians.

One day, no doubt, Parliament will get down to clearing the tangle and the Exchequer will pay for all public services directly, instead of through the Privy Purse; and the Royal Family will travel free on State business on the State railways.

If that happens, the King's income will be drastically reduced without his being any worse off.

In the meantime he must continue to be apparently drawing a vast income while in actual fact he is far from being as rich as some of his own subjects.

DON'T THANK ME

by TIMOTHY FULLER

ILLUSTRATED BY KATE HALL

Like many secretaries she fell for her boss. But that only complicated her problem

NEVER GIVE ADVICE to anyone. Advice-giving is the curse of our times and I avoid it, like the common cold, by taking precautions.

Thirty-eight summers have taught me to cultivate the look of a man from whom it would be silly, even dangerous, to ask advice; the sharp cold eye, the lifted lip, the cutting retort are my permanent equipment. I employed all three the day young Barrett, looking troubled, came into my office.

"Mr. Tomlinson," he said, "I have a personal problem."

"That gives you a bond with humanity, Barrett," I shot back, coldly. "Be happy about it."

He changed his tack. "You go out with actresses and people like that, don't you?" he leered.

I gave him the look that has chilled the blood of Mayfair's hardest head waiters, but he, a mere junior executive, still persisted. The youth was obviously in the grip of a great emotion.

"You know Emily Smith, who works here?" he said.

"If you mean Miss Smith, a typist in the outer office, yes."

"Well, it's like this," he began, while I sat at my desk listening, riveted by the banality of the tale. In brief, Barrett and this Smith girl had been engaged for a year. They had money saved up, they even had a flat to move into—but she kept postponing the wedding.

"There's no one else, I know that," he concluded. "She just keeps saying she wants to be sure."

I was tempted to brush him out of the office without delay, but he is a valuable man. He has a fine head for figures, is steady, painstaking, neat-appearing; in short, the kind of employee who could get a job anywhere and who is thus to be coddled.

"Tell me," I said, "do you ever break dates with her?"

"Oh, no."

"Always on time? Send her flowers?"

"Sure."

"Compliment her on her clothes, things like that?"

"Enough, I think."

I shook my head. "Of course, it's hopeless, Barrett. No woman will ever marry you. Adjust yourself to bachelorhood and be happy."

"If you want to be funny about it . . ." he began, flushing a trifle.

"I'm stating the case," I said. "All women are reformers. You haven't given this girl anything to get her teeth into."

I turned coldly to my work, expecting him to slink away. Instead he laughed. "Thanks, Mr. Tomlinson," he said.

"Thanks a lot. That's the best advice anyone ever gave me."

"Get out!" I yelled.

He went out whistling, his head up, a fantastic scheme growing in his brain. I was let in on it, three days later. He stuck his head in my office door, winked, and said, "It's working."

"What's working?"

"The wonderful idea you gave me. I'm playing the races. She says if I don't give it up right away she'll never speak to me again!"

"Now listen here, Barrett. . . ." I began.

"Seminar looks good in the sixth," he said and shut the door. I gave it a minute's thought, picked up the phone, and put a pound on Seminar. The horse was away at twenty to one and ran

Continued on page 10

Barrett went into action. Taking his haymaker, I fell to the floor, where, thanks to the nap of the rug, I wasn't particularly uncomfortable



KATE HALL

Youth's dreams are limitless. One young technician is preparing for the time when atomic-driven rockets will take off for the moon and all points beyond

THE GREAT THING about being in the lower third is that you can still lie back and really let your imagination rip. You can hack your way through "dense tropical undergrowth." You can journey with Jules Verne "20,000 Leagues Under the Sea." You can take a weekend trip to Mars—or the Lost City of Atlantis.

Alas, it doesn't last. For most of us, Acacia Avenue, the 8.15, and the income-tax inspector have all too soon blotted out the Moon, the Martians and the Space-ships.

But not for Kenneth Gatland. At the advanced age of twenty-four, Gatland is still untouched by this perennial tragedy; it's an immunity he owes to a hobby. A quite remarkable hobby. During office hours you'll find him bending over his drawing board at the Hawker aircraft plant at Kingston. And in the evenings, if you look in on his home at 17 Southcote Avenue, Tolworth, you'll see him poring once again over designs and calculations.

There is a difference. The daytime drawings are concerned with fighter planes. The evening drawings with an earth-moon space-ship. Kenneth Gatland has been wallowing in the problems of "inter-planetary flight" ever since the days when, inspired by H. G. Wells, he made his first powder rocket in the school lab. at Surbiton.

Shape of Things to Come

He showed me a diagram of his "preliminary conception" of the earth-moon ship. It'll be an enormous machine, dwarfing Nelson's column; an atomic-propelled rocket, in five sections, each falling away like a relay runner as its fuel load is exhausted on the trip. Inside the rocket the crew will lie in cradle seats in a spherical "pressurized" cabin equipped with, among other things, a "strobo-periscope," which gives a stationary view even while the cabin is rotating.

Does the crew ever get back to earth again? Hang on a minute, everything's been thought of.

First, a chemical "boost rocket" takes the space-ship to a height where it's safe for the atomic engine to operate. Then, the atomic jet-engine gets up the 25,000 m.p.h. needed to beat the pull of the earth. When it gets into the moon's field of gravity, the rocket is turned round by varying the jets, so that it approaches the moon backwards. Thus its engines counter the moon's pull and, when the time comes, enable the crew to ease their ship down on to its four hydraulic landing legs.

By comparison the return trip's easy stuff. The moon's gravity is only one-sixth of the earth's, and so calls for much less fuel for the take-off. Then—now we're coming to it—back again within the earth's attraction, the crew's cabin is shot free from the rocket and swings down by parachute.

Flash Gordon conquers the universe?

Gatland and his five hundred fellow-members of the British Inter-Planetary Society would have you know they are hard-headed scientists and very much in earnest about this "conquest of space" business. Many of them are Boffins, working in atomic development, aircraft design, guided missiles. There are also Prince Bira, the racing motorist, hankering after ever greater velocities; Dr. Lucius Beebe, of Bathysphere fame; and George Bernard Shaw, who acquired planetary ambitions at eighty-nine.

For the scientists "the inter-planetary movement" has, as a leisure pursuit, something of the attraction of a first-class crossword puzzle. It raises novel problems of delightful complication

WAY TO THE MOON

by HENRY FIRTH



Kenneth Gatland's day job is designing aeroplanes; his hobby is pinning down ideas for space-ships on a drawing board

yet refreshingly free from workaday urgencies. It gives their scientific imaginations an outing.

Biologist members, for instance, face many a pretty problem arising out of the effects of space-flight on the human body. So far actual tests have been limited to a number of bottle flies which emerged apparently none the worse from a 100-mile high trip in an American rocket.

There are the problems of acceleration and cosmic radiation—and, once acceleration ceases, there's the little matter of "no gravity," or "weightlessness," which might lead to fatal paralysis of the human nervous system. To defeat that snag, the space-ship planners have devised a system of "artificial gravity." The rocket will be designed to rotate on its own axis in flight, and its crew, in their cabin, will lie with their heads to its centre line. As they revolve at one revolution every three seconds, centrifugal force will reproduce the sensations of gravity.

Slip of the Slide-rule and—

Don't they get dizzy? I thought of that, too—but Gatland says no; not unless they were spinning round their own axis, which they aren't. And he went on to explain about the intricate calculations of "gravitational tides" which will be necessary to work out the exact course the rockets must be set to fly. A few slips of the slide-rule and the space-ship would be sucked into the enormously powerful pull of the sun. It's comforting to know the cabin portholes are fitted with steel shutters "as protection against undue glare!"

Well, when do we start to queue for the Moon? Gatland frowns on such frivolity, but can't resist pointing out that V2s and atomic power between them have fairly "rocketed" the prospects of

space-travel. Already the Americans have got 114 miles high with V2s, and next autumn their newest rocket, *Neptune*, is scheduled to reach a height of 237 miles. In ten to fifteen years, in fact, guided missiles may be crashing into the moon.

How shall we know when they've got there? They could be fired at the "dark side" of the moon and fixed so that the impact exploded a magnesium flare-charge clearly visible to the waiting astronomers below.

These first space-ships will be flying laboratories, bringing back to our planet the secrets of the universe. Once outside the gravity belt of the earth, it seems, a space-ship can be adjusted to travel around for ever and ever in the earth's orbit. *Without any power?* "Oh, yes, you see space is frictionless." I'm still working that one out; also the information that three such space-ships rotating in the earth's orbit could relay television programmes to the entire globe.

Cameras fitted to V2s have already secured photographs clearly showing the curvature of the earth. And before long, believes Gatland, camera-equipped, guided space-ships are going to revolutionize astronomy. They could settle that little argument about the Martian canals in a trice. They could be set to circumnavigate the moon and bring back pictures of the side we've never seen.

Though in ten years from now a bold pioneer may be making the first rocket trip into the upper atmosphere, for excursions to the moon itself we shall have to wait a bit longer. "The last quarter of the century," says Gatland. But that doesn't stop him working on the problems now.

Volcanic dust, for instance. Thick and black, it lies upon the moon's surface. If you bear in mind that there's no atmosphere on the moon you'll see that the blast from the space-ship's jets is going to raise the father and mother of all dust storms long before a landing site is approached. Solution: A landing site prospected by telescope, and, in the blackness, the landing radar-controlled.

Since there's no atmosphere, air-lock chambers will have to be assembled up there, the air chemically manufactured from materials ferried across in successive flights.

A pretty grim, lifeless place—austerity plus—the moon is hardly likely, I gather, to figure prominently in the tourist agency brochures, yet from the space-navigator's angle it's "the Gateway to the Planets." Because of its nearness to the earth and the low gravity, it may find itself the stellar Heathrow of the twenty-first century.

A Word to the Sceptical

But Gatland will be feeling I'm confusing him with Flash Gordon again. "I should be grateful if you'd stress the hard-headed scientific side," he says. "You know, all the infant sciences have had to face ridicule. . . ." And he recalls his schoolmaster, who, when he explained an early rocket project, protested that the whole thing was ridiculous, because any rocket fired with the necessary power would knock the earth clean out of its orbit.

These days Gatland reminds such sceptics that the Royal Aeronautical Society had heavier-than-air flight worked out on paper long before the Wrights built their first "fantastic" machine; that the explorers of the seas didn't know what they were going to find either; that the German Rocket Society's work was the foundation of the V2. And, having permitted himself the satisfaction of pointing out these undoubted truths, he returns to his calculations and his designs. It'll be some time yet, but, sure enough, one of these days. . . .

"And will you be going yourself—to the moon, I mean?"

Gatland hesitates. "Well, perhaps you'd better not mention that. It sounds a little fanciful. But, you know—well, yes, I'd certainly like to. . . ."

In the meantime, while they're waiting, Kenneth Gatland and his fiancée are working on another problem, also rather difficult: they're looking for a flat.



Continued from page 8

eighth. So much for advice. I went to Cornwall for two weeks and hadn't been back in the office an hour before there was a timid tap at the door and Miss Smith came in. She was an unpretentious character at best and now she was frightened. If she'd been carrying a hat she'd have been twisting it in her hands.

"Could I talk to you about a very personal matter, Mr. Tomlinson?" she asked.

"No," I said. "Absolutely no."

"I know I shouldn't come to you about it except that Bill has such a high regard for you. He said he told you about our being engaged. Oh, I'm so worried about him."

SHE sat down and dabbed at her face with a handkerchief. It wasn't a bad face but she'd never done a great deal about it. "He's gambling," she sobbed. "He's nearly £60 down already."

"I suppose it would be all right if he were £60 up," I said.

"Oh, Mr. Tomlinson, it's not like that at all. You know it isn't. It's getting a hold on him. He... he doesn't seem to care for me any more."

Her face disappeared into the handkerchief again.

"Why should he?" I asked, and her head came up.

"Why, what do you mean?"

"Do you know what you look like, Miss Smith?" I demanded, and gave her no time to guess. "You look like a typist. You dress like a typist. Your hands, face, hair—yes," I said, leaning around the desk, "even your feet look like a typist's. You even act like one and, so help me, I believe at heart you are a typist. Good God, Miss Smith, you don't really think you can compete with horse racing?"

I expected her to begin sobbing again or even to slap my face, but instead she stood up very slowly and leaned toward me across the desk, looking deep into my eyes. "Now I know," she said, and her voice was low, "now I know why Bill thinks so much of you. Thank you so much, Mr. Tomlinson."

With a final brave, almost dedicated smile, she left me. So I buzzed for Barrett. "You understand," I said when he appeared, "that I never, under any circumstances, give advice to people. I want that clear. All I say to you now is take the day off and marry your girl. The time is ripe."

"I know," he said, and there was resignation in his voice. "She's been after me to set a date, but I don't know...." He rubbed his chin, giving

it thought. "Maybe she was right in the first place. About waiting."

"Barrett," I said, "I never make personal remarks about people, but you simply haven't the gambler's temperament. Stay away from it."

"It's not a question of temperament," he said and the light was back in his eyes. "It's a question of percentages."

"I was wrong," I admitted, "you've got the temperament—and keep your hand out of the till."

"Don't worry," he laughed. "I'm beginning to click. You could do worse than Lady K. in the second today."

I stayed well away from Lady K. and she romped home at seven to one. You figure out life and you'll never have to work again.

It would be inaccurate to say that Emily Smith changed overnight or even to class it as a rebirth. She'd had sound enough material to start with. Now, rather than trust her own judgment as she had done in the past, she had gone to a professional and had herself "done." Her wave had been combed out into a loose bob, her eyebrows reshaped, her lipstick darkened. Her clothes were simpler and, no doubt, more expensive. In short, the improvement was such that I found it convenient to give her a certain amount of my personal dictation.

NATURALLY I kept these meetings strictly on a business level, and it wasn't until the third one that Barrett came up for discussion. She was getting ready to leave and she asked, "Do I still look like a typist, Mr. Tomlinson?"

"Certainly," I said, and her mouth dropped open.

"But haven't you noticed?... I mean...."

"I've noted the change, Miss Smith. Now you look like ninety per cent of London's young womanhood—which is good. You could pass for a debutante or a show girl as well as a typist. Before you simply looked like what a typist should look like."

"Oh. Well then, that's all right."

"If it pleases you," I said carelessly.

"Tell me, has all this had any effect on the horse player?"

"Oh, he likes me this way, I guess," she said. "But...."

"But what?"

She gave a little shake of her head. "It doesn't matter... now."

She departed on this cryptic note and the matter passed out of my head. Barrett was winning steadily, and while it was beneath me to pump him for tips I picked up some loose change on the

occasional suggestions he made. It seemed like a satisfactory arrangement all around. Barrett was happy, Miss Smith, if not happy, was no longer weeping, and I had both a decorative secretary and a successful betting man in my office.

It was too good to last, of course, and it didn't. The blow fell one morning after I'd spent a tough night showing the town to a Manchester client.

I didn't look up when Barrett came in.

"I want to get one thing straight with you, Tomlinson," he said, and then I did look up. His hands, in the form of fists, were on his hips and his underlip was pushed out. "You can't pull your stuff on a girl like Emily Smith and get away with it. I'm here to tell you you're going to marry the girl."

"Sit down, Barrett," I said and took a sip of water.

"I'll stand."

"Suit yourself. Now what is all this?"

He gave a short, mean-sounding laugh and put one hand in his pocket. "She gave this back to me last night." He exhibited the engagement ring. "She told me she was in love with you, so you know what it's all about all right."

I took another and larger sip of water and rolled it about on my tongue. I picked up the house phone. "Have Miss Smith come in, please."

"I can see now how you were operating," Barrett said. "You had your eye on her all along. First, you talked me into getting interested in the horses so she'd give me up, and then you began to take an interest in the way she dressed and got her to fix herself up like a tramp and then...."

Miss Smith entered on this line and cut him down with a single glance.

"Yes, Mr. Tomlinson?" she said, her pad and pencil ready in her hand. "One

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THE HUMAN MACHINE

Admit You're Wrong!

GOETHE once said: "There may be men who never make mistakes, but if so it is because they never propose anything rational."

The inability to admit error is one of the worst of human failings. The ability to admit it and correct it is one of man's greatest virtues.

Now when these little articles first appeared under the title of "The Human Machine," I thought, as I still think, that the word "Machine" had point: for the human being, both physically and mentally, constitutes a machine of such delicate complexity that it defies analysis.

But there is one quite startling difference between the Human Machine and any other. If a machine makes a mistake, no matter how stupid or costly, it continually repeats the error. Only the Human Machine has the capacity for recognizing a mistake and avoiding it in future.

Now that is something vital. It is just this power that enables us, if we will only use it intelligently, to shape the future, transform the present, and even to some extent alter the past.

Indeed, it is very doubtful if any of us can advance in any other way than through the discipline of acknowledging and correcting our mistakes.

by ROFFE THOMPSON

question, Miss Smith," I said. "Are you in love with me?"

"Yes," she said and her eyes didn't waver.

"Why?" I demanded.

She was game, I will give her that. "Because I know that you're not the kind of person you're trying to be. You're not cynical and cold the way you act. Underneath you're warm and thoughtful and kind. You must have been terribly hurt at some time and now you need tenderness and love."

Her eyes were moist and I looked at Barrett, but he was observing the ceiling with commendable detachment.

I finished the glass of water before I spoke. "I am deeply touched by that, Miss Smith—Emily under the circumstances. Deeply touched. But your theory about me, and I'm sure Mr. Barrett will concur in this, is quite wrong."

"You are also quite wrong about yourself and your motives. You think of yourself as a pillar of strength, a secure harbour for the poor battered hulk that is man. Lean on me is your motto. Bah!" I said and made a good deal of it. "What you really are, Emily, is a very silly and not particularly bright young girl who wants desperately to have some big strong male to look after her."

At that, not surprisingly, she was crying.

"You see," I said and waved an arm. "Weeping like a schoolgirl."

At this point Barrett went into action. I saw him coming and stood up and took his haymaker, going away, on the back of my head. I went to the floor where, thanks to the deep nap of the rug, I was not particularly uncomfortable.

"Now you can see what a skunk he really is," Barrett said, rather huskily. "Oh, yes, Bill darling. I've been a fool."

I opened an eye and observed the embrace that followed. It was traditional in all its details, even to the patting, by Barrett, of her shoulder.

"I should have forced you to marry me," he said.

"You don't need to now and I don't care about your gambling."

"I'm more than £70 ahead now."

"That's wonderful, dear."

"Of course, it's all on paper. I never really bet."

"What?"

Miss Smith and I said the word together. I had sat up at his electrifying announcement. "Betting is wrong," he said. "I'm only interested in the problem."

"You cad!" I said with open disgust.

"But if your system is working, dear, I don't see...." Emily began.

"It's a question of right or wrong," he said, fixing her with his eye.

"Of course, darling."

He turned to me. "I suppose I'm fired."

"Certainly."

"Anyway, I want to apologize. I can see you were really trying to help us. Thanks a lot."

"Now you really are fired," I said.

"You can see he's still joking, Bill," she said. "I'll always be fond of you, Mr. Tomlinson."

"Get out of here! Both of you!" I shouted, getting to my feet.

"We're going," she said and pulled him to the door.

The phone rang and it was the Manchester client.

"I've got a private matter I'd like to get your advice on, Tommy," the man said.

I felt like screaming into the instrument but he was a very important client. "What is your problem, old man?" I asked weakly.

ENOUGH OF SHAM-AMATEURS

by ALAN HOBY



Lawn tennis is an example of muddled status. There's the case of Yvon Petra



By contrast, table tennis has a sensible arrangement for stars like Peggy Franks

Too many of our sports stars are amateurs in name only. A snobbish, outdated system is to blame. Let's be honest with our labels

THERE IS A GROWING FEELING that all sport—and particularly so-called amateur sport—should be placed on a more honest footing. Today amateur status has become a mockery; it's a money-making masquerade which provides a host of reputedly non-professional sports stars with a good living.

Look at the Winter Olympic Games at St. Moritz, which turned out to be a cut-throat carnival of mistrust and suspicion. We had the Austrians accusing the Czechs of professionalism—and vice versa. We had well-founded reports that the British Army team taking part in the tricky Pentathlon event had to pay something like £200 out of their own pockets for the privilege of competing—while the crack competitors of other nations were state-sponsored from start to finish.

And we had the most glaring example of the abuses and anomalies to be found in "amateur" sport—the stupid and complicated rumpus between the two American ice hockey teams.

A "Commercial" Gate-crash

What was not generally known over here was that the American Hockey Association—the Yanks' number one ice hockey outfit at St. Moritz and the bunch that caused all the trouble—was, in reality, a purely pirate body started back in the States by a group of commercial rink owners, sports promoters and business men. The players themselves were undoubtedly amateur. But the team was sponsored by an out-and-out commercial body which exists in America solely to make money out of ice hockey. It had no right to send a team at all. Yet here it was gate-crashing the Winter Olympics and getting away with it.

Ice hockey, of course, is like that. Over here

they call imported Canadians—who make anything from eight pounds to twelve pounds a week—"amateurs."

Ice hockey is not the only sinner. Consider the Australian Test cricketers who will be touring here this summer. Every man is being guaranteed getting on for £1,000 per head in one form or another if he plays well and is a good boy. Yet they still retain their unsoiled amateur haloes. It has to be remembered that in Australia Don Bradman, the poor boy whose record-breaking bat brought him not only world fame but a nice stock-broker's job, is not dubbed a professional—like Hobbs, Sutcliffe or Denis Compton.

Still Gentlemen v. Players

Over here, it is the same story of humbug all along the line. Because the immensely wealthy Marylebone Cricket Club still, in some respects, lives in the reign of Edward VII, an amateur *must* captain England. The M.C.C. also prefers amateurs to skipper county sides. This leads to all sorts of anomalies, such as well-known amateurs being offered appointments with local firms in order that they can stay away for most of the time playing cricket!

I have nothing against the bona fide amateur. But, as far as I can see, you tend to find him these days only in rugby, rowing, club cricket and some sections of amateur football. In true-blue rugby, you have only to write an article for the newspapers or give a talk on the radio to jeopardize your whole amateur standing.

Famous runners also get their expenses, in one way or another. In this sphere, however, Britain is still more truly amateur than any other country. (She is paying for this doubtful honour by seeing her prestige dive deeper and deeper.)

It was only last summer that Viljo Heino, the Finnish wonder, fresh from his triumph at the White City, was cleared of professional charges. The same thing happened to the Swedish streaks, Arne Andersson, who beat Wooderson, and the great Gundar Haegg, who still holds the world's mile record with 4 minutes 1.4 seconds. They were suspended for life. Recently, Heino, I understand, had to face fresh charges of professionalism and has

now announced that he will not run at the Olympic Games.

Most blatant sham-amateurism is found in the lovely game of lawn tennis. Here it is rampant. Many Australian stars have, at some time or other, been given jobs with sports firms which allowed them the maximum time off to carry the banner of Australia in world tennis. The same goes for many British tennis players. And top-flight players frequently receive expenses as elastic as a black marketeer's bankroll. As one Davis Cup international said to me: "After all, amateurs and their families have got to live. And only a millionaire can afford to play tennis all the year round today."

The whole of tennis, in fact, is nothing but a hypocrite's paradise. Suzanne Lenglen was once offered some 50,000 francs to appear against Helen Wills at Cannes. Her father also enjoyed a rent-free villa at Nice as well as the right to dispose of large blocks of seats.

In the United States, they call stars who receive under-the-counter payments for personal appearances "tennis bums." Says Leonard Lewin, an American sports writer: "Everyone and his bookie is well aware of the little hold-up game played by the name racqueteers almost since money was invented. . . . Once in a while a tourney will arch its back and spit a vehement 'No' at an exorbitant expense account turned in by a player. As one did . . . to one of the game's big names. Upon receipt of the rejection notice, this guy calmly stepped out on the court the second day of the tourney and proceeded to throw the match in a ludicrous exhibition."

Recently, a Continental report alleged that Yvon Petra, ex-Wimbledon champion and France's number one, had an offer from America to turn professional. But such was his drawing power in Paris that the leading Parisian promoter offered him a nice job to stay on and pack in the crowds.

You can hardly blame the players. It is the system which is totally and utterly wrong.

The age of the amateur in sport is dying. By 1950 I doubt if there will be more than a handful of amateurs left of the Sydney Wooderson breed. And, for all these reasons, I think that the word "amateur" should be deleted from the sporting dictionary. I would like to see Britain's sports rulers take the lead and launch a campaign to clear up the scandal of the sham-amateurs.

And let them do it now. They should study the history of speedway and table tennis—both sports which are run by sane, sensible controlling bodies. In speedway, there is no such thing as an amateur. The dirt track speed kings are just riders. They either ride for nothing or get paid plenty for hurtling round the track.

Here's the Commonsense Approach

In table tennis—which recently concluded its most successful ever world championship meeting at Wembley (300 players from twenty-eight nations competed)—there is nothing to stop a star being paid his worth for giving stage or variety exhibitions, as Barna and Bergmann have frequently done. All the table tennis player has to do is register with the English Table Tennis Association. He is *not* allowed to take money for matches, only for activities like coaching and personal appearances.

All table tennis players are called—players.

This is the modern commonsense approach to big-time, commercialized sport. The old traditional distinction between amateur and professional simply doesn't exist.

Whether we like it or not, we are witnessing the dawn of a new Athletic Age. Why not cash in on it and recover some of our lost prestige by proposing a new rule book for world sport—a rule book governed by common sense instead of humbug?

A FEW YEARS BEFORE THE WAR, a young Irish-Australian girl arrived in London from Leipzig. She had a letter of introduction to Albert Coates, asking him to listen to her piano-playing. Coates in turn introduced her to Sir Henry Wood. And finally Sir Henry introduced her to the public at a Queen's Hall Promenade Concert.

She scored a great success. Not only because she was a talented pianist but also because she brought to the platform a touch of colour and freshness unexpected in those surroundings. She was stimulating to look at as well as listen to. Her name was Eileen Joyce.

Since then, Miss Joyce has been making headlines almost as often for her "Hollywood technique" as for the excellence of her performances. She frequently changes her frock half way through a programme, to the disgust of some of the old brigade of concertgoers. When she changed even her hair-do between items at the Albert Hall, the delight of one section of her audience was equalled by the condemnation of the other. How dare she introduce stunts into the serious business of purveying classical music?

Breaking Dowdy Tradition

Eileen was unperturbed. "Why not?" she asked. "This was no stunt. It was a happy inspiration. Each style suited the mood of the particular work I was playing. While a page-boy effect was suitable for Beethoven's No. 4 Concerto, I thought an up-swept Grecian style more in keeping with the Grieg Concerto in A Minor. It was just an impromptu idea that occurred to me during the wait, and I thought nothing of it. I had been playing very strenuously and it was cooler, anyway.

"Obviously there are limits to which such changes could be carried, but the public would soon be sensitive to anything approaching a stunt, and they liked this." So she determinedly continues to

THE NEW LOOK IN M

A classical pianist who changes frocks between

a new sort of audience to the concert hall

break down the tradition that classical pianists should be dowdy, frumpish sad-sacks on dim and draughty platforms. She uses a dozen different perfumes—to match her mood and music. Here she's a connoisseur. "It's like wine to me," she says. "I'd like to have perfume rained on me in a shower." She claims she can detect any of a score or more of the French makes; her favourites are Lanvin's, "My Sin," "Arpege" and "Scandale." She uses bath salts in great handfuls; she uses make-up; she has her hair dressed by a Mayfair *coiffeur*.

The result, for a short time, might have placed her artistic reputation in jeopardy had she not continued to command the praise of the pedants and highbrows for her amazing virtuosity.

Her popularity has become steadily more widespread. Promoters declare that she is now by far the greatest box office draw of any single concert artist in this country. She can pack the Albert Hall to the doors for a programme that would not be half as successful with some other artists. Recently she made a tour of Germany, where they take their music very seriously. The critics and the audiences were unanimous about her technique. "The real secret of her art and her success lies in the discipline and control which she exercises over her rich talents," said *Die Welt*. Stern discipline, indeed.

It is hard to associate the colourful creature on the platform with the hours of grinding practice which have brought her an international reputation as a pianist and which still represent the greater part of each day's work.

Sharp at nine every morning she begins her six hours of practice. From eleven to eleven fifteen she stops for a milk drink. Then the practising goes on again until lunch at one fifteen. She sleeps till four, then practises again until six thirty.

Corns on Her Fingers

If there is no concert, she is in bed by nine. "I'd be ashamed to confess how much I sleep," she says. "I need it, to meet the strain of concerts and practice." She has corns on the tips of her fingers. They have to be attended to regularly. She takes interminable exercises to keep her fingers supple. She dare not play tennis; the muscles of her arms might stiffen. Occasionally she risks a bicycle ride through Hyde Park. Often she'll play duets with her small son, John Douglas Legh-Barratt, who says he'd rather chop wood for a living than be a professional pianist. (His father, a Scots stockbroker, served in a minesweeper; was killed.)

Sometimes there are as many as three concerts a week, as well as broadcasting, gramophone recording and film work. Eileen played for Ann Todd in *The Seventh Veil*, recorded Rachmaninoff's Second Concerto for *Brief Encounter*. She has appeared, either in person or only on the sound track, in many other films.

Frequently during the daily practice she will switch from one piano to another to relieve the monotony. Whether she is in her Mayfair flat or at her farm up the river (where the two new cows have been christened Eileen and Joyce), she has plenty of pianos to choose from: two in the country and five in town.

There was a time when she had only one: battered, inaccurately tuned, keys missing, bought for a pound and trundled round to a West Australian shack on a handcart.

For Eileen came up the difficult way. Her father, Joe Joyce, was an Irishman who prospected for gold in Australia. He prospected, but never found. When Eileen was born, round about the beginning of the first World War, Joe and his wife were living in a tent on the edge of a Tasmanian forest. There were already six or seven other small Joyces playing among the trees.

Piano from the Pub

By the time Eileen was nine, the family had moved to a tin shack in Boulder City. Joe could not write his name, but decided that Eileen needed to go to the local convent school. There she found another child taking piano lessons. For sixpence a lesson, Eileen was allowed to join in.

It was soon apparent to the rest of the mining community that Eileen had something out of the ordinary. Pennies and shillings were scraped together and the piano in her uncle's saloon was bought for a pound. Eileen got up at seven every morning to practise on the old pub piano. She played it again when she came home in the evening. Every piece she played over six times perfectly. If she made one mistake in the sixth



To match her musical moods, Eileen Joyce carefully selects hair-style, gown and perfume. Beethoven's No. 4 Concerto goes best with turquoise frock, page-boy bob

MUSIC

items has brought glamour and

by David Mills

attempt, she went back and started another complete series of six.

The local priest heard her and arranged for her to go to a larger convent in Perth. The nuns found her clothes and books and shoes, for at twelve Eileen was still running barefoot. To Perth came Backhaus and Percy Grainger. Their enthusiasm for her precocious genius was so great that a local fund was raised to send her to study in Europe.

The Agent-General for Western Australia met her off the boat in London, a shy girl in a school uniform, with brown eyes and long hair. He sent her off to study at Leipzig. In Leipzig, Eileen ran into homesickness, which she shook off; and shortage of money, which looked like being more serious. She was preparing to pack up and go home when she met a married couple from New Zealand who gave her £200 and introduced her to the famous Teichmuller, who was so impressed by her abilities that he taught her free.

Then came the return to London, the Prom debut, the mounting crescendo of success. Today she has nearly six concertos at her finger-tips, ready to run out on to the keyboard from memory at a few hours' notice.

She is said to have a dress for every concerto. It isn't true, though she thinks it's an economy in the end to buy the best.

Something in the Flat Jarred

To illustrate her intense sensibility: when she moved into her Mayfair flat the lounge was decorated in red. The pianos were moved in and she tried to play there. But something jarred; she could not get in tune with the music. Then she discovered what it was; the red carpet, the red draperies. They were changed to blue. She played perfectly. Blue she finds soothing, harmonious, restful. But she likes to wear clothes with a dash of red because they are personally stimulating and enlivening.

On rare occasions at her concerts she will break off in the middle of a piece, turn round to her audience and say simply: "I can't play any more of that tonight. What shall I play instead?" That is not a capricious fit of temper; it is the result of her feeling for the harmony necessary between her own mood and the mood of the composition she is playing.

She is more than a first-class box office attraction. She is the symbol of a revolution in the world of classical music. Thousands of people who previously had no time for "serious" music are flocking to the concert halls. The boom is on, and Eileen Joyce is its brightest star. Partly this is because she is a brilliant pianist. But also it is because she embodies much of the brightness, freshness and glamour which the new audiences have until now expected to find only on stage or screen.

She is no pompous highbrow. She has no eccentric mannerisms. She is a star of the people. She has brought the New Look to music. And the people like both her looks and her music.



An upswept Grecian hair-do and a pinkish-blue dress is more in tune with Grieg. Yet when she began she could only offer a pound—for a piano

John Bull Colour Photographs by William Kemp



CURING THE FACTORY BLUES

by HILDE MARCHANT

Dull "machine-minding" jobs give some workers mental depression. A special centre tackles the problem

THE TAXI-DRIVER WHO DROPPED me off at the gates of Roffey Park is used to making the trip. He ferries the patients up from the station and, six weeks later, takes them back again.

On the journey up they are a bundle of nerves: apprehensive, full of defensive questions, anticipating a grim, hospitalized institution. When he takes them back, their anxiety has gone. They are cheerful and confident. Some even regret having to leave.

Roffey Park, the place where the transformation is worked, is a large country house in Sussex, set in 300 acres of parkland and woods. The idea was born in

1944. A group of British doctors and psychiatrists secured backing from a number of big industrialists to set up a centre for the scientific treatment of workers suffering from what is glibly described as "a nervous breakdown." Lord Horder was chairman of the group backing the experiment, with Samuel Courtauld as vice-chairman.

Mary Smith (though that is not her name) is one of the thousand cases, mostly industry's casualties and misfits, passing through Roffey Park every year. She was a twenty-six year old typist in a large factory. She was depressed; she could not sleep; she had lost eight pounds in ten weeks. Her general physical condition was poor, though she had not suffered from any previous illness.

Careful questioning revealed difficulties in the department where she worked. She had been worrying about them for months. The woman in charge was testy and inclined to have favourites. Mary also had home problems. It was essential that she should have a complete change of surroundings so that she might try to face her troubles dispassionately. The factory personnel officer sent her to Roffey Park.

Her treatment at the centre was similar to that given to most other patients. Confidence had first to be established, so that she would reveal her private worries to the psychiatrist. This is a long process, not to be covered by a few brief interviews.

Linked with this, there was medical treatment. A good diet was important and, above all, she had to be actively occupied throughout the day. Apathy and boredom are dangerous in illnesses of this kind.

Mary was given a daily schedule which kept her moving. She tidied her own room, helped in the kitchen and dining hall. There were regular sessions with the doctor and psychiatrist. She went to see the welfare officer to talk over her difficulties at work. Other members of the staff frequently met her and, in friendly conversation, discussed her home

Getting fit at Roffey Park. Weary and worried patients are transformed into healthy people keen to restart work

problems. Like the other patients she worked in the garden and took regular physical exercise. In the evenings she met the other inmates in the social hall, formerly the ballroom of the mansion.

The social side of the centre is run by the patients themselves. They form their own committees, arrange discussions, dances and concerts. They have their own reception committee to help settle the new patients into the general run of the centre. They also have a "central government" which passes on complaints or suggestions to the staff.

Went Back a New Woman

The staff in the meantime had occasional "case conferences" over Mary Smith. The doctor, the psychiatrist, the physical culture expert, the welfare officer—all watched Mary's progress towards mental and physical health.

At the end of six weeks she returned to her work, fit and mentally balanced. The woman supervisor had been moved to another job where she was not in charge of others. Mary's home difficulties had been solved by finding her living quarters in a hostel. From Roffey Park, a check was kept on her post-treatment progress; six months later she was still reported well and working happily.

Eighty-two per cent of Roffey Park patients return to normal full-time employment, usually in their old jobs. Those for whom a change of employment is recommended are frequently victims of fatigue and monotony caused through working on a job which no longer interests them.

Others are burdened with deep personal problems which they have no chance to reveal to a detached outsider. Some suffer from frustration and repressed ambition.

There are quite a number of ex-Servicemen who cannot settle back into their prewar jobs. After treatment most settle happily either in the old job, or in some cases completely new ones.

Patient with a Split Mind

Sometimes a patient with a definite split mind is sent for treatment. In the initial stages he is given insulin injections and a good deal of rest, but the doctors try to get him to mix with the other patients as soon as possible. Next comes the problem of finding an occupation to divert his mind from the particular fantasy which it has created.

One such case was a man who had a very monotonous, repetitive job. For

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a long time he seemed to be quite normal at work and at home. But gradually odd fantasies began to intrude and he was sent to Roffey Park.

It was found that he wanted to paint, though he had never had any opportunity to do so. Given paint and brush, he turned out a series of wild, vividly coloured patterns. This not only released his creative desires, but also provided the psychiatrists with clues to his deeper troubles.

The results so far achieved at Roffey Park have encouraged Dr. Ling, the medical director, to plan a training school at which factory doctors, social workers, supervisors and trade union officials can study the physical and emotional problems of industrial employees. About 400 trainees will go through the two weeks' course every year, observing the results obtained at Roffey Park and contributing their own practical experiences. Students from Europe and America will be invited to attend.

They will see the nervous newcomers, sitting alone in darkish corners, putting up hostile defence barriers against the people around them. And they will see the patients who have almost completed the course—patients like the woman to whom I said goodbye just before the taxi took me back to the station.

Could Concentrate—and How!

She sat embroidering a picture of a London church. She had nearly finished it, outlining the scene in something like 3,000 minute stitches. When she first arrived she was depressed, inclined to hysteria, lacking in concentration, with the drawn, thin face of a person who cannot sleep.

Now she was due to leave the centre the next day. She was a perfectly balanced woman, talking easily to the other women who sat with her, though one of her symptoms had been a fear of contact with others. She was settled in her mind. She was physically fit and had gained seven pounds in six weeks. She was even looking forward to getting back to her work in a London factory and meeting her colleagues again.

Our mechanized civilization is steadily reducing more and more people to the status of mere machine minders. Fewer and fewer are getting the satisfaction which a craftsman got from his work. Work, in all too many cases, has become something impersonal, a painful necessity.

As a result an ever growing number of people are suffering from a sense of frustration which psychological guidance could often help them to overcome.

The mental health of its citizens is a vital concern of the State. A hundred such centres as Roffey Park would be a first-class national investment.

JOHN BULL QUIZ

LITERARY PLACES

(1) Is Monte Cristo a real place or did Dumas invent it for his Count? (2) In which country are the first quixotic actions described as taking place? (3) Where was Shangri-la supposed to be? (4) In which novel was the fabulous country of Ruritania first mentioned?

WOMAN-HATING

(1) In which opera do we hear that "La Donna e Mobile" ("Woman is Fickle")? (2) Who wrote the pamphlet *The First Blast of the Trumpet Against the Monstrous Regiment of Women*? (3) To what did Dr. Johnson liken a woman's preaching? (4) What did Kipling say is more deadly than the male?

EXPRESSIONS

(1) Why does to beard anyone mean to insult or affront him? (2) Who was Hobson and what was his choice? (3) What has letting cats out of bags to do with buying pigs in pokes? (4) Does the expression "mad as a hatter" originate from the Mad Hatter in *Alice in Wonderland*?

BIG NAMES

(1) How many ex-Premiers of Britain and ex-Presidents of U.S.A. are still alive? (2) Which Balkan king recently abdicated? (3) Who killed Mussolini, Hitler? (4) What had Kreuger and Stavisky in common?

Answers on page 21

FREE SPEECH

Readers write about Films, Trade Unions, Materialism,

Marshall Aid, Babies, Broadcasting Musicians, Love

AS A FORMER CINEMA MANAGER, I suggest that British producers should revive the old serials.

If these were intelligently made they would help the independent provincial cinemas who are in for a bad time unless Whitehall and Hollywood make a mutually satisfactory deal.—A. MORRISON, 87 Onslow Gardens, Kensington, London, S.W.7.

Agitators Are Bad Workers

EXPERIENCE HAS TAUGHT ME, as a trade union official, that most of the agitation and trivial complaints come from the bad, lazy worker, the man who is never satisfied because the cause of his discontent lies within himself.

As a rule he takes no active part in helping to make conditions better but never hesitates to criticize those who do his fighting for him.

Our movement would be much better without this type. They cheapen their representatives and bring ridicule on the organization.—WILLIAM G. MILLER, 23 Baxter Street, Dundee.

Materialism is Healthy . . .

IN HIS article "Fogbound" (JOHN BULL, February 7), the Rev. W. E. Purcell denounces this as a "frankly materialistic age," but I for one vastly prefer it to the Victorian and other eras, when church-going and smug hypocrisy went together.

The Victorians may have gone through life on the assumption that they would, at the end of it, "have to face their Maker," but it didn't stop them exploiting small children and fragile old women in mines and mills nor, presumably, did it conflict with their savage treatment of backward races.

There is more real unselfish feeling in today's "spiritual fog" than at any previous time in the world's history.—ELIZABETH E. BROOKS, Leicester. (Full address enclosed.)

. . . We Need It

THE REV. W. E. PURCELL castigates materialism. All the same, it is materialism which makes it possible for us to enjoy God and His works—materialism which makes it possible for me to buy a Bible; materialism which allows Mr. Purcell to have his views printed and allows me to read them in JOHN BULL.

Each man must draw his own line between the material and the spiritual worlds. But we need them both.—LARRY GIBBS, 195 Groveley Lane, West Heath, Birmingham, 31.

More Married Quarters, Please

MY HUSBAND AND I are privately employed and live in accommodation provided by our employer. We would both willingly go into some essential industry anywhere in the country were it not for the housing problem.

If the Government wishes to attract married couples into industry, adequate

married quarters in hostels would, I am sure, show an encouraging result.—MRS. G. W., Wakefield. (Full name and address enclosed.)

The Real D.P.s

I AM A SPANIARD, and after the civil war in my own country, when I saw Fascism victorious, I crossed the border into France.

Despite bad treatment by the French, I was happy to volunteer again to fight Fascism in the second World War, and served with the British 21st Army Group. My experience was not always happy, but at least I was fighting for freedom.

In 1945, however, when war finished, I was "just a Spaniard" again.

Now, I am technically known as a displaced person and an object of scorn. But to me the only two displaced persons today are Democracy and Justice.—JUAN P. FAJARDO, George Hotel, Lichfield, Staffs.

Slaves of the Dollar?

IN YOUR LEADER HEADED "What Marshall Aid Means" (JOHN BULL, January 31), the views of those who oppose the American Plan are dismissed as "vicious and harmful bunkum."

Might I say that this forthright phrase might be applied to arguments for accepting the plan? To say that there are no strings attached to the American offer is sheer pig-headed idiocy.

If a vote were to be taken in these about-to-be-dollar-enslaved-islands I feel sure the result would show an overwhelming majority opposed to the Marshall Plan.—J. N. KEENAN, 144 Whitehall Avenue, Cardenden, Fife.

* A recent Gallup Poll showed that fifty-three per cent of the people in Britain favoured the Plan, eighteen per cent opposed it and eighteen per cent were undecided.—EDITOR.

Are Babies a Luxury?

WE HAVE NO REASON to crow about our "boom" in babies (JOHN BULL, February 7). It stands out a mile that this small island cannot support its present population, and now that our former customers are starting their own industries it seems that the only way we can maintain our standard of living is by exporting surplus population.

We need fewer not more babies. Every child after the second one is a luxury that the country cannot afford.—HORACE W. BENNETT, 1 Brycedale Crescent, Southgate, London, N.14.

Radio Means Overtime . . .

JOHAN BULL'S leader "Radio Rumpus" (February 7) implied inaccurately that there was no extra work involved for a musician in a broadcast performance.

As a professional musician, I should like to point out that each broadcast relayed from a theatre involves a "special" rehearsal for the musician. These rehearsals sometimes last two or three hours, and include waiting while



Mr. G. T. Quince, who says in a letter on this page that seed potatoes are too dear

artists are "balanced" at the mike, rearranging the order of music and rehearsing new numbers for each artist.—BASIL MORGAN, 48 Trelawney Road, Bristol, 6.

. . . But Good Publicity

THE B.B.C. is quite in order to refuse higher payments to musicians for relays from theatres.

The radio is a cheap and effective form of publicity, and many of today's prominent musical names would still be nonentities had the B.B.C. not given them dates.—JANE WILLIAMS, 59 Milton Road, Weston-super-Mare.

Windfall for Albert

HOW INTERESTING Hubert Cole's article was on Albert Young, the pavement artist (JOHN BULL, February 7). Albert deserves every penny he gets for his patient and wearying work.

If this is printed, please send the guinea to Albert Young.—VIVIAN KERSHAW, 15 Chorley Road, Standish.

Girl Doesn't Meet Boy

THE IDEA FOR a national matrimonial Agency put forward in Free Speech (February 7 issue) has my full support.

I am thirty years old, attractive, well educated and an excellent cook. More than anything else I want to marry.

Because I was not in the Forces and do not go dancing or pub crawling I have no opportunity of meeting suitable men. A "Homemakers' Office" in every town would solve many problems and bring fulfilment and happiness to many single people.—Miss M. G. A., Sevenoaks, Kent. (Full name and address enclosed.)

Potatoes are Unprofitable

THE PRESENT HIGH PRICE of seed potatoes is deterring many smallholders from planting an early crop. For

two tons of Irish seed potatoes I have been billed for £41 6s. Controlled price is £13 5s. per ton, but rail charges and permitted additions have increased this by £8 a ton.

This high figure makes potato growing an unprofitable business. If the Minister wants more potatoes, he should look into these "permitted additions" and see if the price cannot be shaved.—G. T. QUINCE, Pyghtle Farm, Tempsford, Sandy, Beds.

Best Short Stories

LAST YEAR I JOTTED DOWN in my diary the names of the JOHN BULL short stories I liked best. Here is my list of the year's ten best:

The Underlying Principles by Alan Jenkins; *The Pilgrim* by John Davies; *A Handful of Earth* by Anthony Richardson; *Salt Water Daffy* by A. R. Wetjen; *Case for the Defence* by Janet Farwell; *Matador* by Loren Thomas; *Winner Loses All* by George Ireland; *Siren Song* by Lyn Arnold; *She Liked to be Alone* by Janet Farwell; *Restored to Owner* by Erik Rosman.

Perhaps you could publish results of a periodic poll showing which stories other readers like best.—J. A. PIRIE, South Balmor, Peterhead.

Painless Operation

DESPITE "What They Say About Love" (JOHN BULL, February 7), I reckon that love is like taking a whiff of chloroform.

It is only when you come back to your senses that you realize what you have done.—E. W. SMITH, 2 Oakland Road, Dovercourt, Essex.

Because of space shortage only a limited selection of the many readers' letters submitted can be printed. If your views are squeezed out, it does not mean that they have been overlooked by the Editor. For every letter used, John Bull pays one guinea. Letters should be marked "Free Speech" and carry the full name and address of sender for publication.



Elizabeth Brooks



Jane Williams



Basil Morgan



E. W. Smith



SPRING OFFENSIVE

by Kay Smallshaw

Declare open war on the kitchen this spring. Plan your battles first—and see your ideas and methods get a good dusting, too

"WHAT ARE YOU UP TO NOW?" my husband asked when he came home to find me standing on a chair lifting tins down from the top shelf of the larder to the trolley. "Why didn't you wait until I was ready to start on the job? I told you I couldn't get the paint and the D.D.T. until next week."

I remembered guiltily that he had promised to paint the inside of the larder and spray it with insecticide as part of the spring cleaning campaign. Now I had caused unnecessary muddle by clearing it out too soon.

My sudden, rather frenzied activity had been inspired by a small niece who had piped up: "Don't you keep things in funny places? My mummie keeps everything handy."

It was true, I realized with a pang of

shame. I was getting in a muddle. The oatmeal, for instance. It is tucked away at the back of the cupboard. Yet I use it every day.

It would be far more convenient on the little shelf over the draining board. To make room for it I could move those empty jars that used to contain that special porridge meal we hadn't had for over a year.

Three Tins for Sugar

Then how often did I fill the sugar tin? Every morning, it seemed. Yet if my husband gets a cup of tea in the evening the cry is sure to go up, "Where do you keep the sugar? There's none in the bowl or the tin."

The only sensible thing was to have three tins of sugar, one for each kind. To make room, the cocoa and the arrow-root—both seldom used—could go back

Annual clean-up is a combined operation now, with plenty of work for husbands. Flex inspection is one job they can do

to the larder. Ideas for better planning came crowding into my mind.

This spring I intend to give my mind and methods a good dusting, too, to see whether I can't improve my housework. As a start I bought an enamel washing-up bowl. It's much better for dishes than the aluminium one, which needs so much scouring to free it from grease. Now, after having been burnished with soapy steel wool, the aluminium one makes a fine vegetable bowl.

Gets Rid of Grease

Talking of washing up, have you tried the liquid soap substitute? It is first class for removing grease, as I found last Sunday when I upset the dripping in the oven. I cleaned that oven, without getting my hands in a mess, in double-quick time.

Flushed with success I began thinking of where else I could cut time and get better results. Next morning the bread and cook's knives went for professional sharpening. The vegetable knife and kitchen scissors will follow.

My husband entered into the spirit of the thing by suggesting, off his own bat, that he'd better check over the electric lamp flexes, and also the iron and vacuum cleaner cables. It's easy to overlook the fraying until a fuse blows at an awkward moment.

By this time we were fiercely competing at noting the jobs that required attention. Now I have overhauled what ironmongers still call the "housemaid's pantry." And after ten years of service the coconut fibre broom has been pensioned off and the small brushes and the two mops have been shampooed.

I was rather shocked to see that the long-handled brush for cornices and other out-of-reach spots was suspiciously clean. Using it a little more regularly might make this twice-yearly "do" a little less arduous.

Cleaning cloths wear out far too quickly, but I won't be niggardly over a fresh supply for the great clean-up. Old vests and pants make excellent cloths for bath and tile cleaning, also for applying metal polish.

Mutton cloth by the yard does for dish swabs and doesn't take coupons. Nor do the linen flour bags I've been lucky enough to get for tea towels. As for dusters, while there are old overalls and shirts, too far gone for anything else, I won't have to buy fresh. I shall have to get a new ironing pad, though, for the scorched old one has been made into oven cloths.

So all the staff work has been done, and we hope to start next week with the kitchen. I say "we," for painting the ceiling and cleaning down the walls is the man's part. Remembering my childhood days when all spring cleaning meant to my father was cold meals for a week and no place to sit down, I'm glad I have a modern husband who helps

Maybe our methods are amateurish but the results are good, and as a co-operative venture it's not such a terrible nightmare as in the bad old days.

with my feet up



Those Were the Days

AT STERKFORTEIN, in South Africa, a scientist has unearthed the skeleton of a man estimated to be about 800,000 years old. He is the nearest thing to the missing link yet discovered, except . . . (fill in the name yourself).

This prehistoric man has been named *Plesianthropus transvaalensis*. Or "Uncle Ples" to his friends.

Life was pretty grim in those days. Uncle Ples used to come home to his cave at night tired out after a hard day.

"Is that all you've brought?" said Mrs. Ples, pointing to a half-animal-half-bird about the size of a pigeon. "A mouldy little compognathus. Of course, if you want to see your wife and children starving. . . ."

"It's all I could catch. You know I can't run like I used to, dear."

"And I suppose you've forgotten you asked Bert and Ethel Stonehead from 'The Nook' to come round tonight. Last time we went there they gave us a beautiful brontosaurus steak, and now all we can offer them is this mouthful of nothing."

"I'll dig some fungus to eke it out."

"And another thing. What do you think I'm going to wear when the Stoneheads come? Ethel will be wearing that new costume of pterodactyl skin, and I suppose I shall have to make do with a fresh coating of woad. I can't think why I married you. When you hit me on the head with that stone axe and carried me off, I think you knocked me unconscious and I'm only just beginning to come round."

"Never mind, dear, we won't have to worry about food if what I hear is true."

"What's that?"

"I hear the Flintchipper tribe has invented a new weapon. It can kill an animal fifty yards away."

"Impossible. What's it like?"

"They're keeping it a secret at present. But I hear it looks something like a long stick bent into a half-circle and the ends tied with string. . . . It's all right if they use it for hunting, but I'm afraid. . . ."

"What of?"

"If they use this weapon in a war, mankind will be wiped out and the world will return to barbarism."

by Ian Fox

OH, JOHNNY!



by TIM

ALIBI IN DIAMONDS

by **BASIL DEAKIN**

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST RATCLIFF

A murder and a robbery on the same night—two suspects, two alibis. But who committed which crime?

At almost the same moment that an all-station call went out to bring in Harry the "Cat," a newsflash reached Scotland Yard control room that Benny Strauss had been found murdered at Southwark.

Detective Inspector Rambles, about to go off duty after a prolonged spell, rubbed a broad nose sitting astride features indelibly marked by gloved fists, his grey eyes thoughtful. Sergeant Mather, watching him, sighed. He knew, by the expression on the inspector's face, that the off-duty break he had earned was again to be deferred.

Neither crime was in their "manor"—but the perpetrator of the Hartshaw jewel robbery probably was; and, if similarity of method with past jewel robberies was any indication, the burglary had a lot to do with the "Cat."

The patrols experienced little difficulty in picking up Harry. His habits and haunts were well known to the police of Soho, and within a couple of hours they had contacted him. Rambles greeted his arrival at the station without warmth.

"Of course, you wouldn't know anything about it, would you, Harry?" he remarked after the slim, agile Harry had registered a protest at his detention. "But we would be interested to know where you were tonight, between the hours of nine and eleven. As though you haven't got your alibi already waterproofed and airtight," he added.

"Knowing you coppers, I'd be a ruddy fool not to be ready for any tricks you decided to try," Harry grinned back, without rancour. He'd been at wits drawn with the police ever since his teething days and being held for questioning was neither a new experience nor one which he unduly resented.

"Let's have it, then," Sergeant Mather said. "There's always the hope we may be able to break one of your eternal alibis. My, but what a record you must have in the Golden Book," he added, softly.

"Golden Book. What's that?" Harry asked suspiciously.

"Record of Sin—kept up there," the sergeant told him, thumbing skywards. "You'll never pass those pearly gates, Harry me lad, with all your fibs."

"Why, do you reckon on getting in?" Harry asked. "'Cos if so, give me the other place."

INSPECTOR RAMBLES'S mild, cynical manner changed abruptly. "Come on, where were you tonight?"

"Coo, isn't he the nasty little blighter," Harry jeered. "Trying to frighten a poor, innocent bloke. I'll have my M.P. on about you," he sneered. "Where was I tonight between nine and eleven? Well, I'll tell you, copper. And my alibi is more'n waterproof. It's dustproof, see, against fingerprints, and solid against narks. I was having a nice, cosy little chat, I was, with a bloke who is most respected by his neighbours and feller citizens. I was with Mister Benjamin Strauss, at his flat in Southwark."

Harry's look of self-satisfied smugness left his face as he noticed the change of expression of the inspector and sergeant. For a long moment there was silence and Harry found himself going unnecessarily cold as instinct cried out that he had put his head into danger.

"So you were with Benny Strauss between the hours of nine and eleven, eh, Harry? That is what you have just said, in the presence of these police officers and myself," Rambles said, indicating the sergeant and a couple of constables. "Do you stick to that? Do you deny that you were out at Wimbledon, that you broke into the residence of Colonel Hartshaw and stole a diamond

necklace, eardrops and rings? Do you stick to your story that you were with Benny Strauss?"

Harry's mind began to function again. The copper was trying to bluff him into owning up to the burglary, he told himself. But they weren't going to catch this boy with that old lark. He chuckled.

"Of course I stick to my story. I tell you I was with Benny Strauss all the blooming evening right from just after eight right up to eleven when I—"

The inspector interrupted him. His tone was official and stern. "Then it is my duty to warn you that anything you say may be taken down and used in evidence." He paused, then slowly added: "Benny Strauss was murdered tonight, in his flat, somewhere between the hours of nine and nine thirty." Ignoring Harry's sudden gasp, he turned to the sergeant. "Book him. We're holding him on suspicion of murder."

News travels swiftly in Soho and even before Harry had been picked up, the flash was round that the Hartshaw "glassware" had been lifted that night.

To Solly Bright, gulping a double whisky from a glass which trembled, the news was of little interest. His mind was too vividly obscured by the memory of the sight and the stench of hot blood—Benny Strauss's blood, as he lay on his own fireside rug.

Solly looked at himself in the flaked mirror behind the dirty, unlicensed bar on which he was leaning. He saw yellow fear staring from a pallid face. Beneath the padded overcoat his limbs shook and his heart jumped oddly, leaving him with a feeling of stifling desperation.

He'd got to get a grip on himself. The first copper who saw him would arrest him just on suspicion he'd done something, he looked so stiff with scared guilt. It wasn't like this on the films, when a bloke did someone in; the big boys of Soho never showed white when they outhed a bloke. Besides, Benny Strauss had only got what was coming to him, the stinking little fence.

If Benny Strauss had paid what he'd promised, there wouldn't have been any row or any rough stuff. He hadn't meant to kill him, only to frighten the swine; but Benny hadn't been frightened. Instead, he'd dived for the knife and next thing, it was sticking inches deep in his throat. Solly gulped more raw whisky as he recalled it.

"You'll be out on the deck if you don't ease up, Solly."

He glared at the unshaven bartender. He wished he could be, wished he could get so drunk he'd forget tonight's work. "Must 'a made five hundred smackers tonight," the barman was saying, conversationally.

"What d'you mean?" Solly almost screamed. "I didn't make a ruddy stiver—"

"Here, you keep your shirt on," the other snorted. "I wasn't talking about you. I said that Harry the 'Cat' must 'a done. It must have been him who pulled the Hartshaw job out at Wimbledon. Anyway, the narks have took him in for questioning. Not that they'll pin it on that boyo, he's too smart."

Solly listened and, as he did so, thoughts crowded in on him. As they clarified he saw hope, a miraculous loophole instead of the noose. And now he was thankful that the draughts of raw whisky had not besotted his brain.

Without a word he turned and hurried from the dive, out into the darkened streets of Soho to the little square where the "Cat" had a self-contained flat above a lock-up shop.

The side door to the flat above stood permanently open. Swiftly, Solly climbed to the first floor. There was no



Solly shot upright. "Who says Harry ain't a killer?" he asked. "It makes sense, don't it?" The girl shrugged. She was sleepy

need to verify that no one was home. Only Harry could be—and tonight he was not, as Solly now knew. He chuckled as he thought of Harry being grilled at the police station while he was about to force an entry into the flat. This was a case of thief robbing thief, if his plan worked out.

It had got to work out, Solly swore to himself; it had got to, to save his neck. Expertly, he negotiated the lock and in a few seconds he was in the flat.

He stepped familiarly into the darkness, crossed the hallway and entered the bedroom. As he did so he remembered that other occasion when Harry, in a drunk and confiding mood, had let Solly discover the secret of his hideaway for stolen valuables, right here in this very room.

Solly pulled the bed from the wall and carefully slid a penknife blade under an edge of wallpaper. Gently he lifted it, showing the bare wall from which the plaster had apparently fallen away. Quickly now, he thrust the knife between two bricks and eased out a half-brick, revealing a cavity. He inserted a hand, and stifled a gasp as he withdrew it. Grasped between shaking fingers was a chamois bag. He emptied its contents into his hand.

As Solly squinted at the gems, glowing up at him in the flickering light of a dying match, he knew that he was holding the Hartshaw diamonds in his palm.

At the police station the inspector drummed thoughtfully on his blotting pad as he talked to Sergeant Mather. "Harry wouldn't be such a fool as to confess to being with Benny Strauss if he knew the fence had been murdered tonight. Which convinces me that (a) he didn't kill Benny and that (b) he did pinch the jewel collection."

He heaved himself to his feet, stretched and yawned. "I'm going to make a few calls. You'd better get a bite while I'm gone."

The sight of the broad shouldered inspector in the shallow dives of Soho's back streets in the early hours of the morning caused no surprise to the habitués. They knew the Yard was on the hunt for the Strauss killer as well as the Hartshaw diamonds, and while they were busy with those two major crimes the police wouldn't bother overmuch about lesser matters.

Solly, the jewels deep in his pocket, was scared of going home for fear of police waiting there. He drew back into the shadows as a car with the blue sign "POLICE" came purring past. He watched it disappear, one of many he had seen since furtively hurrying away from the "Cat's" flat. The coppers were in a spin all right tonight, he thought.

His hand clenched the chamois bag. If the narks picked him up, the jewels were his alibi. They were going to prove he couldn't have been at Benny's tonight, not at the time he was killed, because he was miles away, stealing these jewels. And, once he felt sure the coppers didn't suspect him of the murder, he could dispose of the sparklers and sit back, very pretty. Whichever way he looked at it he was covered. The conclusion gave him courage.

STRAIGHTENING his padded shoulders he forced himself to step out into the street. He could do with a drink, and despite the hour he knew where he could get one—or a dozen if he wanted 'em.

He knocked on a side door and was admitted to the seclusion of another of the district's drinking hideouts.

"Had the cops here tonight," a slinkily clad hostess smiled at him. "Went over us with a comb. Never got nothing. They've got the 'Cat' though."

Solly nodded. "For the glassware," he remarked.

"No." She shook her head. "They've pinched him for Benny's



murder. Damn fools. Any blasted idiot knows Harry ain't no killer."

Solly shot upright. "Who says so?" he exclaimed. "How d'you know he didn't? It makes sense, don't it? He goes to Benny Strauss's to flog the stones, Benny screws him down on the price and Harry flies out and sticks him."

The girl shrugged. She was sleepy. With the dawn and closing time approaching she wasn't much interested. She yawned, finished her drink and drifted into the cloakroom for her coat. Solly took no notice of her going. He was beginning to recover his nerve and self-assurance.

The coppers had pinched Harry for the murder. Of course, Harry was bound to have an alibi with the jewels. But what if the narks couldn't find them? Harry would be for it—for the long, long drop. Solly grunted and took himself home.

MEANWHILE, Detective Inspector Rambles, fighting down his weariness after a night's duty following immediately on his normal day shift, made his way back to the station.

"What's the next move, sir?" Mather asked as the other growled his lack of success from his night-dive visits.

"Bring Harry in," Rambles ordered. Harry looked more sure of himself than when the inspector had sent him to the detention cell. There had been time to reflect on his position. Now his shrewd cunning told him the police couldn't pin a murder charge on him. They'd know that if he had really croaked the fence he wouldn't have been such a ruddy fool as to tell them he was at the flat between eight and eleven. So, Harry told himself, mum's the word about the sparklers' hiding place.

"I've got me alibi—if I ever needs it," he said cockily. Rambles knew what he meant. And, indeed, nothing could shake Harry.

"Well, I've had enough for one spell of duty," Rambles sighed, rubbing a stubbly chin. "I'm going off for a shave and bath, some breakfast and a couple of hours' sleep." He left the police station, yawning widely.

As he turned into Greek Street he bumped into a woman.

"Sorry," he grunted. Then, "Hello, it's you, is it? Night's work done?"

"Reckon so," she grinned. "Yours isn't though, I'll bet. You're on the wrong track, though, with Harry. He never knifed Benny, and you..."

"Hold on," Rambles rapped, coming to earth with a jolt. "How do you know Benny was knifed?"

"Why—wasn't he?" Her tone expressed nothing more than keen curiosity.

"Yes, he was. But how do you know?"

"I don't know," she replied slowly.

"Now you ask, I don't know why I

THIS WEEK'S COVER

A FAMILIAR FIGURE in any art gallery is that of the keen student copying immortal paintings. With brush and palette the beginner struggles to transfer something of the Old Master's glory to a new canvas. Recently a slim blonde caught the artist's eye of Douglas Mays. She was copying the "Adoration of the Shepherds" by the Venetian painter Giorgione (1478-1510) who was the friend and co-worker of Titian. Apart from religious pictures, Giorgione's famous landscapes inspired artists of his time. The girl was so absorbed in the job that it was some time before she moved and thus gave Mays a glimpse of her face. Whether or not it measured up to the promise of her lithe figure is his secret. But judging from Mays's cover her face, too, would have been a picture.

thought so. Took it for granted, I s'pose." Her face puckered thoughtfully; then, "No, it isn't that. It must have been something someone said. He said something about Harry flying off the handle and sticking Benny."

"Who said it?" "Blowed if I can remember." "Try. This is important—it's a matter of life or death."

"Cor." His tone awed her. "Serious as that, is it?"

She was silent for a while, then her face cleared. "Yes, I remember. It was in the club." And she told of her conversation with Solly.

Solly had fallen into nervous, fitful sleep when the sound of a car coming to a smooth stop in the street below brought him to startled full consciousness. He jumped to the window and peered through the curtains. His legs almost let him down as he saw two uniformed figures crossing the pavement.

He listened to their approach up the stairs, trying to assure himself that he was safe—safe against a murder charge, even if it meant prison for the other thing. As a tap sounded on the door, he braced himself and called "Come in."

Inspector Rambles stared round the untidy room, then fixed his critical gaze upon Solly.

"Early caller, aren't you?" Solly blustered. "What are you looking for?"

"Haven't you any idea?" Rambles asked.

"Why should I?" Solly tried to think up a quip but his brain seemed to be



"What the devil do you mean—a lot of junk not worth stealing?"

frozen. The sergeant began to search the room. "You got a search warrant?"

"A search warrant? What, for a social call?" the inspector murmured. "I'm not doing any searching—yet. Nice suit you've got," he added, picking Solly's coat off the bedpost and rapidly scrutinizing it for stains, then transferring his attention to the overcoat, without success. He gazed round the room and all the time Solly watched him, tensed and fearful.

Rambles's eyes strayed to the dressing-table and its dirty mirror. As his glance passed across it he saw Solly's expression reflected and the momentary anxious flicker of his eyes. It was enough. Quickly Rambles turned, stepped across the room to the wash basin jug.

"Phee-ew." His startled, long-drawn whistle brought Mather to his side. "You know what these are, Sergeant," he growled, and the other nodded.

"The Hartshaw stuff." Rambles couldn't hide the astonishment from his voice. "This is about the last thing I expected to find."

"You expected to find the knife?" Mather said. Through Rambles's mind swept a sudden thought. Solly's possession of the diamonds killed Harry's possible alibi stone dead. Was Harry guilty of the murder, then?

As Solly saw the diamonds tumble into the inspector's hand he gulped with mixed rage and relief. It would have broken his mean soul to have surrendered the jewels, even to save his neck, but now he'd been saved the sacrifice; and at the same time the alibi lay there, in the inspector's palm.

RAMBLES was very quiet on the ride back to the station and when, a few minutes later Solly had been booked and taken away, he sent for Harry again.

"We've found the Hartshaw stuff, Harry," he brusquely snapped, and pointed to the diamonds on his desk. Harry was stupefied into momentary silence, and the inspector added, "We found them at Solly Bright's place."

"How the hell..." Harry began, then closed up.

"How did Solly get them, eh? Only one way he could have got 'em, Harry. He stole them—from the Hartshaw place." The inspector paused, then added, "Which puts you on the spot."

"What d'you mean?"

"Remember, I've your statement that you were at Benny's."

"And you know I wasn't."

"Where's the proof to the contrary?"

"You know darn well Solly didn't lift the stuff."

"Meaning," Rambles said, "that you did."

"I'm not saying."

"Which leaves us as we were—that you have confessed to being at Benny's. Can you give me any reason why I shouldn't charge you with his murder?"

Harry's brain sought light. A sly look clouded his eyes. "You can't charge me with pinching the sparklers?" he asked.

"Not unless Solly states he received them from you."

"Then I'm not such a fool as to talk," Harry sneered. "So, go on, charge me with murder. You've not got a leg to stand on, Inspector."

"This is the most damnably confused case I've had," Rambles growled to Mather as Harry was escorted back to his cell. "I'm holding the 'Cat' for a murder I'm positive Solly committed, while that rat is booked for pinching the stones which I'd bet a month's pay Harry lifted." He stepped over to the phone and called the Yard, immediately securing the permission he sought for his next move.

Rambles sent for Solly.

He offered no explanation but bundled him into a police car, the blinds of which

Continued on page 21

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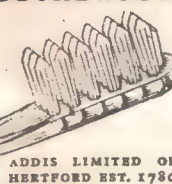
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Continued from page 18

were drawn with a screen between front and back seats. It sped Citywards and across the river, pulling up in a side street, in between parked cars and a van.

"Get out," Rambles ordered and followed Solly on to the pavement, together with the sergeant. "All right, come along."

The two policemen moved forward obliquely across the pavement, a fraction behind Solly to a door adjoining an empty shop. Mather knocked and the door was opened by a man in plain clothes.

"No, there's no one up there," he stated in answer to the inspector's query.

"Upstairs," Rambles growled and Solly, now palpably nervous, preceded him, halting on the landing above.

"Sitting-room," Rambles snapped.

Solly shuffled towards the farther of the three doors, then hesitated as he reached it, his hand half held out to turn the knob. The sergeant reached out past him, and thrust open the door.

RAMBLES had been watching Solly intently. "Know this room, Solly?" Solly seemed to find it difficult to speak, and shook his head.

"Do you know whose place this is?" Rambles pressed.

"No."

"You don't recognize it, you've never been here before?"

"No, I haven't, never. I don't know whose crib it is." Under the inspector's stare Solly shuffled and shook, his eyes seeking the floor.

"You don't, eh? You've never been here before, you don't know who owns—owned it. Then how comes it that, although we brought you here in a closed car with all blinds drawn and purposely stopped the car away from the front door, you walked immediately to the right door, ahead of us? And when I said to you 'sitting-room' you moved towards this room although it is a back room, a room normally used as a bedroom in this type of place. What have you got to say to that, Solly?"

Solly blinked and bit his lips. It was obvious that he was scared dumb, befuddled with fear, unable to think. Rambles thrust hard.

"You've been here before. You were here last night, weren't you? It was you who killed Strauss, wasn't it . . . ?"

"No," Solly cried, backing away. "No, I didn't. I wasn't here last night. I wasn't, I—I . . ." His voice rose to a howl. "I couldn't have been here, see. I was busting the Hartshaw dump. I lifted the sparklers. I did, I swear it, see?"

Rambles gripped him by the arm, and directed him downstairs, back to the car, without a word. Fifty minutes later, after

Continued on page 22

Answers to Quiz on Page 14

LITERARY PLACES. (1) Real; an island off Italy. (2) Spain—from Cervantes's *Don Quixote*; quixotic means absurdly chivalrous. (3) Tibet, in James Hilton's *Lost Horizon*. (4) Anthony Hope's *Prisoner of Zenda*.

WOMAN-HATING. (1) *Rigoletto*. (2) John Knox. (3) A dog walking on its hind legs. (4) The female of the species.

EXPRESSIONS. (1) In the East the beard is a symbol of dignity. Hence, to pull or even touch it is an affront. (2) A Cambridge livery stable keeper, whose rule was that each customer must take the horse nearest the door or go without. (3) Both sayings derive from the old trick of selling a cat in a bag (or poke) pretending it was a sucking pig. If the buyer "let the cat out of the bag," the trick was disclosed. (4) No. Lewis Carroll popularized it, but its origin is not known.

BIG NAMES. (1) One of each; Churchill and Hoover. (2) Michael of Rumania. (3) Italian mob; himself (as far as can be established). (4) Both were big financiers who committed suicide.

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1. First Prize to best *Bullet* received, others in order of merit—the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.
2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.
3. As entry-fee, enclose P.O. or stamps value 1s. for four *Bullets*, or value 6d. to cover two *Bullets*. Plain paper entries are allowed. If using P.O. make payable to JOHN BULL, cross / & Co., write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* and Crosswords for entry-fee not exceeding 2s. if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.
4. Entries accepted only on condition that results of this week's Contests in JOHN BULL dated March 27, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding.

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Add 2, 3 or 4 Words to any of these "Examples"

To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* below. To use an incomplete *Example*, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make your *Bullet* as usual.

Healthy Nation
We May Be Poor, But
Ogre Mars
Wages

Pageant Of Spring

The Doctors

For Old Times' Sake

No Room

Plotting And Planning

Iron Discipline

Smith, Brown And Jones

Criminal

Orphan Of The Storm

Comes Naturally

Nothing To Worry About

Dreadful Child

Somewhere Or Other

If Grandpa Had His Way

Why He Left Her

Face At The Window

Incomplete "Examples" — see instructions

When The World's.....

More To.....

Fresh And

Watch The.....Wedding

Settled The.....

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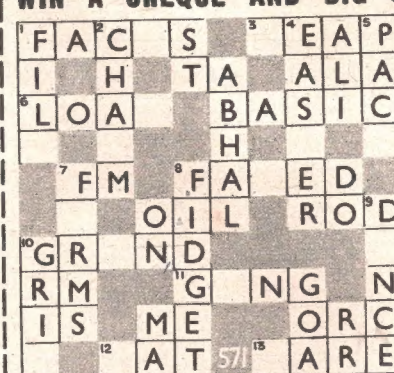
FIRST complete Square in **INK**, giving your Answers to Clues below. Then, if you wish to enter one extra Answer to any one, two or three Clues, give each such word in full in "Extra Answer" Form below Crossword Square.

If you prefer to make out extra Squares on plain paper, you may do so, but form below saves you the time, trouble and paper involved.

- Across Clues**
1. Hardened old tub-thumper doesn't mind facing ugly these
 3. May help you over wall
 6. Baker's boy likes to get rid of heavy one
 8. There are some bankruptcies that have been this
 10. Work of miners in particular could well be described as this
 11. Should be struck a resounding blow
 12. It's doubtful if this does what is intended
 13. Is often followed by black dog

- Down Clues**
1. You get quite a good one at some cinemas
 2. Sometimes difficult to get across
 4. With this time coming, we naturally expect more fresh eggs
 5. Uno delegates must often be concerned about this
 7. One might think there was no limit to the production of these
 9. In teaching one, each step should be made quite clear
 10. A statesman occasionally becomes more popular just because of his

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In adjudication, all Extra Answers will be read in combination with each other and with all Answers in your Square. Thus your completed Square with one extra Answer to one Clue will represent two full Squares (Entry-fee 6d.). Square with one extra Answer to two Clues will represent four full Squares (Entry-fee 1s.), and Square with one extra Answer to three Clues will represent eight full Squares (Entry-fee 2s.).

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Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers received—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entrants limited to one prize per Contest and to entry requiring not more than 4s. entry-fee. Signature below is agreement to Rules.

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THIRD PRIZE, £10 plus Armchair or Radio: Mrs. J. M. Farrow, 27 Barn Hall Avenue, Colchester: BIGGER CONTRIBUTION—FROM PATIENTS—FROM DOCTORS?

TEN of £5 plus Alarm-clock: T. Dunning, 9 Cathcart Close, Whitely Bridge, nr. Goole: WHEN DAD CAME ROUND—"That WASN'T CART-WHEEL, DAD!" Mrs. M. E. Dunning, 104 Hollingbury Park Avenue, Brighton: FAITH IN THE FUTURE—CONFIRMED BY NODDING DAFFODILS. A. C. Ford, 38 High Street, Pershore: FAITH IN THE FUTURE—CONVERTING SHELTER TO Garage. A. Gee, c/o "Mooring's" Mousehole, Penzance: EARNING DOLLARS—FROM TOURISTS, GRAND-PA'S "EMBROIDERY"! P. MacDonald, 106 Walgrove Road, Chesterfield: IN TRIPPLICATE—WARS? No! No! No! D. Mackey, 23 Cambridge Street, Wolverton, Blechley: EARNING DOLLARS—POUNDS, ROUBLES—"RICHER" WORLD. J. R. Mickelson, 18 Mearns Street, Greenock: MUST HAVE A PINT—DAD—HUNDRED CALORIES SHORT! W. Rees, 169 Filton Avenue, Horfield, Bristol, 7: COMING THROUGH—BABY'S TOOTH—NEIGHBOURS' KNUCKLES! B. Rose, 378c Brockley Road, London, S.E.4: FAITH IN THE FUTURE—NEIGHBOUR EXPRESSED—BORROWED HALF-CROWN! A. G. Wainwright, Beach House, Angle, Pembroke: MINER'S CONTRIBUTION—FROM Everybody—BRITAIN, "GOLD-MINE".

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10. Fool. 12. Rick. 13. Main.

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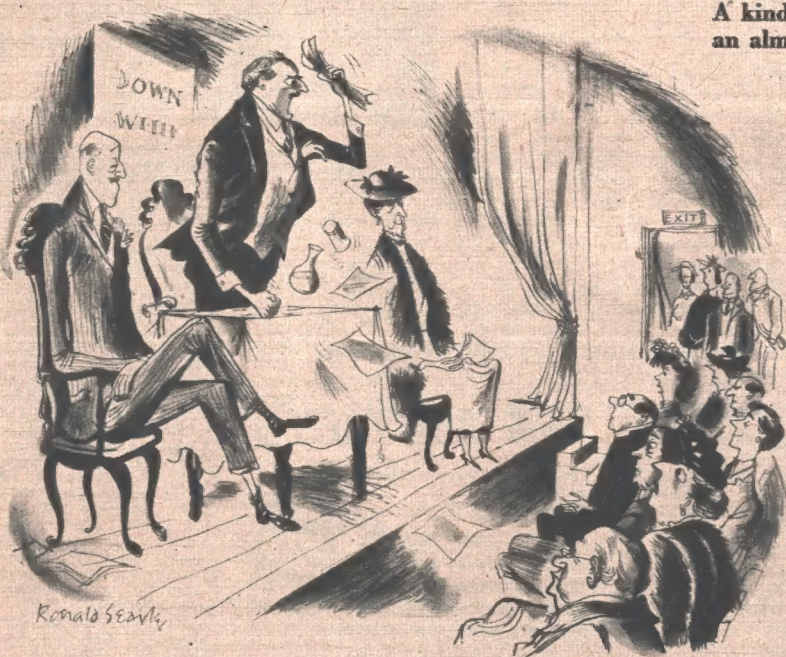
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A kindly sort of chap . . . making an almost hysterical denunciation

Count Me Out of Any Witch-hunt

LISTENING TO A CHAP making a speech the other evening on the wickedness of Communists and the need for us to bust Russia before Russia busts us, I began to wonder if we human beings will ever grow up.

Looking at the speaker who, as I happen to know, is a kindly, thoughtful sort of chap in his private life, I wondered what made him talk so unreasonably on the platform. He may have had a reasoned case against Russian policy, but he certainly wasn't putting it forward then.

He was making an almost hysterical denunciation—not only of the Communists but of everybody who had at any time a good word to say for them.

Members of Parliament who tried to make any kind of agreement with Russia were "sold" to Russia. Anyone, apparently, who could even look on a Communist without revulsion was a "crypto" Communist. And to be a "crypto," it seemed, was even worse than being a real one.

Beautiful to Hear

When he sat down, I expected that if there were any Communists in the audience they would rise up and denounce him as a "crypto" Fascist. But there was at least one Communist present who was too intelligent for anything so crude as that.

This chap got up and gently deplored the speaker's ignorance of his subject; then knocked away strut after strut of the speaker's arguments with the smiling gentleness of one

flicking away matchsticks. It was beautifully done.

But when a vote was taken afterwards, the audience voted overwhelmingly in favour of the anti-Communist—perhaps because he ended his speech with such a convincing string of atrocity stories.

Atrocity stories carry far more weight than intellectual argument with most people. And perhaps our instincts are right in that. Surely any policy that results in atrocities is, to that extent, a wrong one.

The trouble is I don't know of any human policy which, in action, has been able to avoid atrocities—or, at least, to avoid giving its opponents material for atrocity stories.

Even the meek and mild policy of our Labour Government has provided the American Press with plenty of material for Palestine atrocity stories. And one could quite easily work up, say, a Russian audience, into blaming Gandhi's murder and the present Indian atrocities generally on to our present Labour policy.

I Sat on the Fence

However, the question for me at that moment was which way I should vote on that anti-Communist speech. I felt the speaker's political hysteria was a public menace, so I couldn't honestly vote in his favour. If I hadn't known anything about Communism before coming to that meeting, I should have voted for the Communist; since he'd certainly shown up the speaker's ignorance.

But then I did know quite a bit about the Communist Party policy and tactics—enough to convince me that I preferred almost any kind of democratic system to the Russian system.

So what was I to do? What could I do under the circumstances?

I finally decided not to vote at all. But I came away feeling very dissatisfied with myself. All I'd done, in fact, was to evade the issue. Which was all very well in a harmless, friendly debate but no use at all in the real clash of world politics.

If only life would conduct itself like a friendly debate, grown-up persons

could sit comfortably on the fence, refusing to join either side in the childish squabble.

But life's far too brutal for that. The children have got real guns, real atom bombs—real power of all kinds—while the chattering philosopher on the fence has got no more real power than a monkey.

Abstention and passive resistance may work wonders when you're up against a paternal British Government and a kindly British soldier who won't hit you until you hit him. But would it be any use against a Communist or Fascist régime?

I'd like to think so, but I can't. I feel the passive resisters would simply be killed off. It would be such an easy way of getting rid of them.

No true Communist would hesitate for a moment. "Those who are not for us are against us"—and that would be that. "If," he would reason, "the passive resister hands himself to me on a plate, the more fool he."

"Hitler," said a man to me in Chicago, in 1942, "can't kill democracy. So why worry?"

"Hitler," I said, "is killing democrats. And if you sit back and let him kill enough democrats, he will have killed the desire for democracy over quite a large part of the world."

The Danger of Hysteria

It seems to me that holds good for any dictatorial group intent on stamping out a human idea. If they kill off enough people holding the idea, they can kill the idea—for one generation at least.

Then, as one who holds strongly to the idea of democracy, ought I to have voted for the anti-Communist at that meeting? No, I tell myself. No—because the hysterical urge behind his arguments was playing straight into the hands of the Fascists.

Watching the effect of his words on that audience, I could see how easy it would be—given a little more hardship and some real starvation—to start a witch-hunt on Fascist lines, in which even Liberals would figure as "crypto" Communists.

And if I must choose between Fascism and Communism, I prefer Communism. Theoretically, it does, at least, hold out the distant hope of a civilized world; whereas Fascism takes human savagery for granted, and even glories in it.

But is the choice before us restricted to one extreme or the other? I don't think so. Not yet. We've still got a little more time to find a middle course if we can; but not much.

What Makes a Party Man?

Thinking it over, it struck me it might be helpful to tackle the problem from another angle, and, instead of arguing about the various political programmes, to take a look at the kind of people who form the parties.

What makes a man become a Communist, a Fascist, a Liberal, a Labour-Socialist, a Conservative? Does each party appeal to a particular psychological type? If so, how much of the various party policies are founded on objective thinking and how much on individual prejudice?

That strikes me as a fruitful line of inquiry. I hope to set down my thoughts about it in future articles.

a swift drive, they pulled up in a quiet road of large houses.

"All right, Solly." The inspector's voice was smooth and gentle. "Now show us how you lifted the Hartshaw diamonds."

Solly stared up at him, at the sergeant, and at the parallel rows of houses, a hopeless expression on his thick features.

"You don't even know which is the house, you lying little runt," Rambles said. "You weren't within ten miles of here last night—because you were at Strauss's flat. Harry the 'Cat' knocked off the jewellery, took it to Benny's—and you stole it, after you had killed Benny."

"No, no," Solly's words tumbled out in a torrent of terror which smothered his reasoning powers. His brain was numbed while his tongue ran wild. "No, I never. I didn't go near Benny's. I lifted them from Harry's place, I swear I did, from the hole in the wall behind his bed. I swear it, mister. . . ."

His voice trailed off as he realized suddenly that he had destroyed his own alibi. He stood quite still, his mouth open, staring at the inspector.

Rambles stared stonily back. Then his face relaxed into a sardonic smile.

"Well, Solly," he said, "you've saved me a job. If there were going to be any next time for you, I'd tell you to make quite sure of your alibi before giving it on another occasion. But there isn't going to be any next time, Solly. A murderer doesn't get another chance. O.K.," he said briskly to Mather, "wheel him away."

"Aren't you returning to the Yard, sir?" the sergeant asked.

Rambles felt his stubby chin and yawned hugely.

"I reckon not, Mather. Booking a murderer and a burglar is enough for one day. I've got a home to go to."

He stretched. "Whitehall 1212 has had it for twenty-four hours."

WRITE TO JOHN BULL ABOUT IT

Child of Divorce

A WOMAN READER asks how divorce would affect her child. She writes:

"I have been married two and a half years and have a son aged eleven months. My husband and I are always quarrelling, so he has gone to live with his parents and I with mine. If he divorced me for desertion would my baby be taken from me?"

"If I make a will, leaving nothing to my husband, could he claim anything? I have put some money in my son's account but, should anything happen to him, could my husband claim it?"

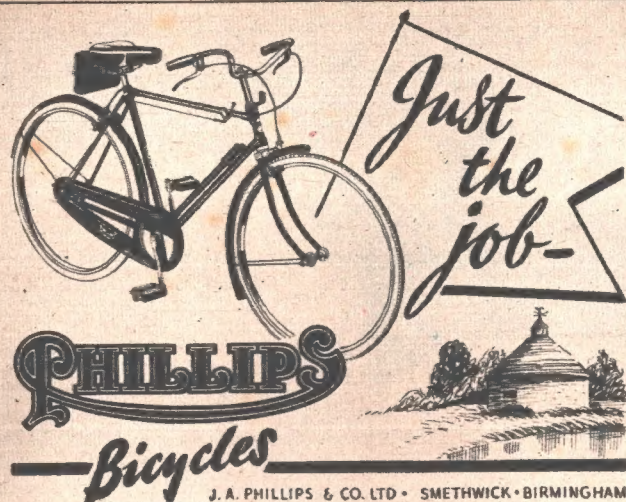
"One last question: can a child be taken out of the country without the father's permission?"

If you refuse to live with your husband without just cause you may be guilty of desertion, and if this continues for three years your husband may petition for divorce. He may apply for the custody of the child, but the court is unlikely to allow the child to be taken from you while he is so young.

You may leave your money to whom you please. The money paid into the child's account would be divided between your husband and yourself if the child should die.

You would require your husband's consent to take the child abroad unless you had been awarded the custody by the court.

Our team of experts will solve your queries (except medical) if you send them to the John Bull Free Advice Service, 186 High Holborn, London, W.C.1. Domestic problems to "Humanist," at same address. Stamped envelope for reply, please.



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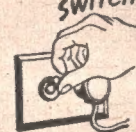
I can't do this in cold water

BUT I DO SAVE gas and electricity all the same and so can we all—fairly easily—if we put on our thinking caps. By washing up in a bowl, for instance, and using only one bar of the fire. By lagging pipes and cisterns to keep the warmth in; and plugging cracks in faulty window-frames and floors to keep the winter out. We can think of a dozen thrifty tricks once we begin.

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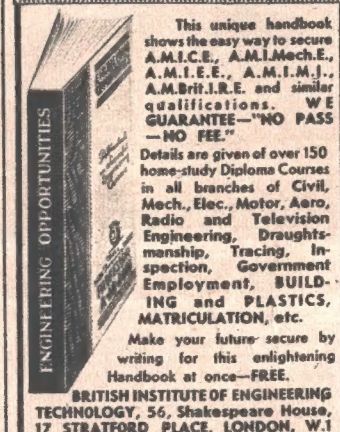
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